

TARPA TOPICS

MARCH 2010 ISSUE 97

SCOTTSDALE IN 2010



SEE REGISTRATION PKG. P.7

TWA ACTIVE RETIRED PILOTS ASSOCIATION



**POPE JOHN PAUL II
ABOARD SHEPHERD I, OCT. 1979**



Plane 17109, October 1979, SHEPHERD I—international From the Jon Proctor Collection

TARPA TOPICS

TARPA TOPICS THE MAGAZINE OF THE TWA ACTIVE RETIRED PILOTS ASSOCIATION

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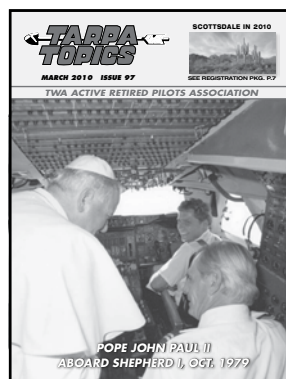


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COVERS Front: Pope John Paul II chats with F/E Tony Gatty, F/O Pete Nevins and Capt. Dick Forristall (hidden) during his return to Rome from Washington, DC on October 7, 1979. Photo by L'Osservatore Romano.

Back: The “TARPA class of ‘09” aboard Royal Caribbean’s *The Grandeur Of The Seas* cruising from Baltimore to New England and Nova Scotia on the “fall colors cruise” (September 24—October 3, 2009). Photo by Royal Caribbean Cruise Lines.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Greetings one and all...I hope the new year finds you in good spirits and health, now that the Christmas bills have receded, and only happy holiday memories remain. My year was a great pleasure, with the addition of two more grandchildren, bringing the total to nine...that'll keep you thinking young.

Now, on to what we have to look forward to...our September convention in Scottsdale, AZ. Ed and Vicki spent several days there recently, making final arrangements for our selection of tours, the results of which are in this edition...I think you will find them appealing. One of the best items is the hotel itself, the COTTONWOOD RESORTS AND SUITES. you can go to:

www.scottsdalecottonwoods.com

and view all the amenities by paging thru the tabs below the pictures on each page. You may be able to plan out your entire activities there.

We have tried to furnish a "GUEST RANCH" experience for all (without the horses of course), and at prices that are truly "moderate". In addition, the many benefits add to the value and ambiance of both the hotel facilities, and Scottsdale itself...ladies please note the SPA that is available just steps away. The hotel has golf carts available to take you around the on- site locations, and I'll bet they will all have TWA signs on them.

Now it's up to you...to step up and fill out the registration forms in this edition and send them in.

The Phoenix area has always been a favorite with TWA'ers and our TARPA group for many years...and now to be able to spend time together in the jewel of Scottsdale with many friends should be more than you can resist...this may be one of our best convention get-togethers ever.

This might be an opportunity to entice one or two of your buddies...TARPA members or not, to join you here, and rekindle past memories of our glory days. The hotel is even offering the same rates on several days before and after the convention.

In this issue you will find the minutes of both our Board of Directors meeting in Baltimore, and the General Membership annual meeting on the ship during our September 2009 cruise and convention. Jeff has promised to display the group picture taken on the ship, so look at all those smiling faces, and imagine yourself among them...no...don't imagine, come to Scottsdale and BE THERE.

Cheers,

Guy 





SECRETARY/TREASURER REPORT December 1, 2009

As of December 1, 2009, the membership is as follows:

(R) Retired:	515
Active:	14
(E) Eagle:	354
(H) Honorary:	164
 TOTAL:	 1,047

There are also 39 subscribers to Topics and 10 who receive complimentary copies. We have added seven new members since the last Topics. They are listed later in this issue.

Following is the financial report for the period from January 1, 2009 thru December 1, 2009:

1/1/2009:

Opening Balance	\$65,338.88
Income	\$55,179.82
Expenses	\$47,596.49
Cash Flow	\$ 7,583.33
 Balance 12/1/2009:	 \$72,922.21

As mentioned above we have seven new members, but would like more. Please contact your TWA pilot friends and ask that they join us in future events. They can contact me or go on the web site at www.tarpa.com to get an application. Hope to see you in Scottsdale.

Don't let your TARPA Membership expire.
Check your mailing label
If it reads "2009" then it's time for you to renew.

Respectfully Submitted,


Ed Madigan





EDITOR'S NOTE

The picture on page 20 is interesting. It came from Bill Dixon by way of John Gratz and shows a group of captains and flight engineers at an awards banquet in November 1959. The problem is that Bill listed thirty five names, but I count thirty six faces. Can anyone straighten this one out?

Thanks to the many contributors of images and text for this issue. Let's hope this inspires others to do more of the same, for this is what *TOPICS* is made of. Thanks also to John Bybee for his valued assistance and 'quick turn-arounds' with the proof reading chores and his liaison with AAL and ALPA regarding the death notices. And, thanks to John Gratz for his editing of the Flown West section and his valued suggestions and good advice in general, and also to Bob Sherman who meticulously keeps current the flight deck crew master seniority list on which we base the 'In Remembrance' roster

Have you checked out our www.tarpa.com website lately? (See P. 78.) Marc Brecy is doing a wonderful job with it. The improvement in 'eye appeal' is immediately evident and you will find much useful and interesting information. Links right on the home page will take you directly to the current year-to-date 'Flown West' list of our members, the 'In Remembrance' list which covers all flight deck crew members from 1934 to date. Then, there is the membership directory, the message board, the *TARPA TOPICS* archives, every issue from January 1982 to November 2006—and more. Check it out!

The article and images in this issue regarding the papal charters should make us all proud and recall good memories of the sixties and seventies, surely TWA's high water mark!

And, special thanks to Wes Ament for allowing us to print excerpts from his self published "Memories". What an amazing career this soft spoken and gentle man had! We hope you find lots of enjoyable reading on these pages.



TARPA

The TWA Active Retired Pilots Association

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JAMES SHERK (TERI)
110 THE VILLAGES
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REDONDO, BEACH 90277

GEORGE ZIGELHOFFER (DOROTHY)
8508 LAKEVIEW DR.
PARKVILLE, MO 64152



NOTE THE FOLLOWING NAMES WERE INADVERTENTLY OMITTED FROM THE LIST OF MEMBERS/SUBSCRIBERS PUBLISHED IN THE NOVEMBER 2009 ISSUE OF *TARPA TOPICS*. WE REGRET THE ERROR. PLEASE REPORT ANY ERRORS OR OMISSIONS TO SEC. ED MADIGAN.

AMUNDSON	BILL	KOBOSKY	CARL	SENATORE	LOU
BRYAN	MARC	LESHE	CHUCK	SHEEDY	STEPHEN L.
CATHCART	ROB	LEWIS	HORACE W.	SLATEN	KENNETH R.
CHAPMAN	ROBERT D.	LIMA	EARL	SMALLEY	REED
DOWNS	G. RICHARD	LINCK	LEO E.	SNAVELY	ORREN L.
ELKAN	JAMES M.	MOKLER	HAROLD F.	STOCK	WALTER A.
FREDERICK	CHARLES E.	MULLINS	TOM	STONEKING	RICHARD D.
FREELAND	HANK	MYERS	PAUL L.	TARBOX	JOAN
GRAF	HARVEY W.	OLSON	PAUL C.	THELEN	GARY W.
GRAFF	HUGH G.	PALMER	KENNETH L.	THOMPSON	JUDY
GREEN	CHARLES M.	PHILLIPS	BOBBE	VAUX	RICHARD A.
GUSTAFSON	ALFRED M.	PHILLIPS, JR	HERB	WEST	LYLE
HAZELTON	RUSSELL C.	PULLMAN	DONALD E.	WILKINS	ROBERT L.
HOAG	JOHN E.	RAEBIGER	OTTO R.	WOOD	PAUL M.
INGLESBY	CARL J.	REED	EDWARD A.	ZACHMAN	T. V. "TED "
KLUMB	EUGENE J.	SCHONEBERGER	BERT	ZIERDEN	ROBERT W.





TARPA 2010 Convention Scottsdale, AZ

Welcome to Scottsdale, Arizona. Experience the beauty and excitement of the desert in Arizona. With world class shopping, fine art galleries, a charming and vibrant Old Town and renowned restaurants, our 2010 convention in Scottsdale promises to be one of the best in the decade. Include a great hotel, fabulous tours, and lots of time to spend with our TWA friends the event is surely not to be missed!

We have selected a fabulous property with lovely accommodations. The Scottsdale Cottonwoods Resort is unique in that the accommodations are all large private casitas within a beautifully landscaped property overlooking Camelback mountain and the Sonoran desert. Add to this the incredible room rate of only \$94.00 per night, a complimentary breakfast and hosted cocktail party each evening, we truly have the best value you can find in Arizona!

Each of the “must see’s” in the Scottsdale/Phoenix area are included in our schedule of events. We plan to visit the Heard Museum, the Desert Botanical Garden, Frank Lloyd Wright’s Taliesin West, Pinnacle Peak Restaurant, the Commemorative Air Force Museum, and a spa day for the ladies. There are so many fabulous opportunities in Scottsdale we couldn’t include them all. You might want to hit the links for 18 holes, experience the Scottsdale Museum of Contemporary Art, the Scottsdale Center for Performing Arts, the Scottsdale Zoo, or even the Pueblo Grande Museum and Archeological Park.

With all of these fabulous tours, a great room rate, and wonderful opportunities to connect with your fellow TARPA members, we certainly hope we have enticed you to join us this fall in Scottsdale.

Complete details and the registration forms are included in this issue of TARPA Topics. See you in Scottsdale!



**2010 Convention
Scottsdale, AZ
Group Activities & Tour Information**

In a true western style, the 2010 Convention will be “casual” for all functions. No ties, no party dresses and no formal attire required. You are encouraged to be casual and comfortable at all functions including the final banquet dinner. Our theme will be Tommy Bahama casual! Of course if the ladies would like to dress, please do. We love to see those pretty legs.

Sunday, September 5, 2010

Welcome Reception – La Hacienda - Hospitality Suite

Scottsdale Cottonwoods Resort

5:00pm – 6:00pm

Enjoy a hosted welcome reception at the La Hacienda which will be our Hospitality Suite for the week in Scottsdale. A one hour hosted reception followed by dinner on your own at a choice of fabulous, renowned restaurants in Scottsdale.

Tour Cost: Compliments of the Scottsdale Cottonwoods Resort and your TARPA Board of Directors.

Monday, September 6, 2010 (Labor Day)

Desert Botanical Garden

Phoenix, AZ

9:00am – 2:00pm

Join us for a day of rejuvenation, exploration, and inspiration. Centrally located in the beautiful Papago Park, the Desert Botanical Garden is a wonderful and captivating way to experience the beauty of the desert without leaving Phoenix.



The Garden is a living museum with a collection of over 20,000 catalogued plants representing many rare, threatened and endangered species of desert plants in the world. Discover saguaros, prickly pears, agaves, and desert wildflowers along the trails. The Garden's docents will tour you through the Garden's trails and entertain you with stories about what makes these plants so unique to the desert. To help you better connect with nature, please wear comfortable shoes and light clothing, hat, sunscreen, and sunglasses. Be sure to bring a camera to capture the memories and fun!

The tour includes round trip deluxe motor coach transportation, escorted tours, and a delightful spinach salad topped with grilled chicken and with raspberry vinaigrette dressing for lunch. A cash bar will be available.

Tour cost: \$64.00 per person

Monday, September 6, 2010 (Labor Day)

Welcome to Arizona

Scottsdale Cottonwoods OK Corral

Opening Reception

5:00pm – 8:00pm

Our 2010 convention will begin with a scrumptious Latin Roasted Pig Dinner at the OK Corral right on property at the Scottsdale Cottonwoods Resort. The corral is attached to the “La Hacienda” our hospitality suite for the week and has an incredible view of the Sonoran Mountains as a backdrop. Picnic tables, music, a roasting/bar-b-que pit and all of the fixings of an outdoor festive dinner will be included. Golf carts will be available to take you to and from your casita. Join us for what promises to be a great way to greet all of our old and new friends at the 2010 TARPA Convention. The dinner will feature a whole roasted suckling pig carved to order, exotic fruit crab salad, star fruit with black bean salsa, Cuban style black beans, Mercian salad of mixed baked vegetables, tri-color tortilla chips and ice cream!

The first hour, 5:00pm-6:00pm will be a hosted cocktail party provided by the hotel. Following dinner the La Hacienda will be open until 8:00pm with cocktails provided by TARPA and the Hospitality Committee.

Tour Cost: \$55.00 per person

Tuesday , September 7, 2010

The Heard Museum

Native Cultures & Art

Tour and Luncheon

9:00am – 2:00pm



Since 1929, the Heard Museum is one of the best places to experience the cultures and art of the Southwest Native Americans. The Heard was initially established by newspaper magnate Dwight & Maie Bartlett Heard and has grown to be internationally recognized for its' American Indian art collections, educational programming, and festivals. Today, it is a private, non-profit museum recognized for its' thorough and sensitive representation of Native cultures and heritage. Your escorted tour will include a 90 minute “highlights” of the

10 exhibit galleries featuring over two thousand of works of art by Southwestern American Indians of the past and today. They tell fascinating stories of home, land and community for American Indians. The tour will include a group catered luncheon in the historic Monet Vista Room.

Tour Cost: \$74.00 per person

Tuesday , September 7, 2010

**The Pinnacle Peak Restaurant
Cowboy Steak Dinner & Dancing
7:00pm – 9:30pm**

What better place to kick up your heels than a place with great memories and great fun; **The Pinnacle Peak.**

Many of us experienced the unique Western atmosphere, great food, and lots of laughs at the Pinnacle in our flying days. Join us for what will be a memorable evening at one of “The Valley’s Best Restaurants” by *Phoenix Magazine*. The event includes deluxe motor coach transportation, one of the west’s best mesquite grilled New York Steak and ¼ Chicken Combo, salad, desserts, and a specialty brewed beer, the best you’ve ever tasted! We’ll have dinner, dancing, and lots of fun.

Tour costs: \$56.00 per person



Wednesday , September 8, 2010

**Frank Lloyd Wright Taliesin West Experience
Scottsdale, AZ
9:00am – 2:00pm**

Often acclaimed as the greatest architect of the 20th century, Frank Lloyd Wright discovered the Arizona desert in the late 1920’s. By 1937, he built a permanent home, studio, and architectural campus on 600 acres of magnificent, rugged desert in the McDowell Mountains in northeast Scottsdale. One of



Wright’s greatest masterpieces, Taliesin West showcases Wright’s brilliant ability to integrate indoor and outdoor spaces. From the beginning, this remarkable set of buildings astounded architectural critics with its’ beauty and unusual form. Wright and his apprentices literally created Taliesin West “out of the desert”. Gathering rocks from the desert floor and sand from the washes they built this desert masterpiece by hand.

Taliesin West is a National Historic Monument and visiting this incredible facility is particularly meaningful since the buildings are used for the purposes for which they were designed; the site still serves as a living, working, educational facility.

The day will include transportation, a 90 minute guided “Insights” tour, time to enjoy the gift shop, and then a private lunch at nearby Maggiano’s Little Italy. Lunch will be served family style including appetizers, salads, lasagna or pasta, and dessert.

Tour costs: \$78.00 per person

Thursday , September 9, 2010

**Ladies Event – Dolce Spa and Ladies Luncheon
Borgata Mall & J. Alexanders
9:30am – 2:00pm**

The 2010 Convention just wouldn't be the same without some good girl fun! Once again we will have a special day just for the ladies in Scottsdale. There is a lovely full service spa located immediately across the street from the front desk of the hotel. We have negotiated a special rate on all services for the TARPA ladies. Choose from a facial, message, maybe a pedicure or a manicure, a body wrap, or all of it! Costs for spa services are on your own and can be charged to your hotel room. We'll get to see the fabulous results at our Ladies Luncheon to be held at 12:00 noon at J. Alexander's Restaurant located at The Borgata of Scottsdale Mall adjacent to the hotel. Remember to bring your gift with a value of \$15.00. This event includes the Grilled Ahi Salad luncheon, dessert, champagne, tax and gratuities.

Tour Cost: \$38.00



**The Commemorative Air Force Museum – Falcon Field
Tour & Luncheon, Mesa AZ
10:00am – 3:00pm**



The Commemorative Air Force Arizona Wing Aviation Museum is located in nearby Mesa, Arizona and displays and fly's a variety of aircraft from WW I to Vietnam. Included in the collection is the B-17G Flying Fortress Sentimental Journey, B-25, C-45, SNJ, F4 Phantom, Migs and other warbirds. Experience a flight back with a warbird ride in the B-17, SNJ or C-45. On display are authentic artifacts and memorabilia from WWII-Vietnam. Our unique facility boasts 30,000 sq.-ft. surrounded by combat aircraft from WWI-Vietnam plus gift shop. We'll have lunch at Anzio's Italian Restaurant right at Falcon Field overlooking the Boeing Apache Helicopter Center. Tour includes deluxe motor coach transportation, guided tour of the Museum, Anzio's Sausage & Meatball Sandwich or an Anzio Burger, house salad, fresh backed garlic roll, and wine or beer.

Tour Costs: \$58.00

Banquet Dinner & Dancing

Scottsdale Cottonwoods Resort Convention Center

6:00pm – 10:00pm

Join us for a truly fun evening right in our own back yard at the Scottsdale Cottonwoods Resort Convention Center. The evening begins with a hosted bar from 6 pm to 7 pm and will include a fabulous dinner, entertainment, wine and dancing. Remember we are casual this year in Scottsdale. Bring your dancing boots and enjoy our final evening together in Arizona.

Dinner Cost: \$ 80.00 per person



See you in Scottsdale in 2010!



Handicapped: All of the tours and sites listed are accessible for handicapped or those with limited mobility. If you will require assistance or have mobility issues please make a note on the comment section of the registration form



Schedule for TARPA 2010 Convention Scottsdale, AZ

Date	Depart	Return	Event
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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 2010

Noon	5PM	Registration Room Open - Sonora Room
3PM	5PM	Board Meeting – La Hacienda
5PM	6PM	Welcome Cocktail Party – La Hacienda
6PM		Board of Directors Dinner

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 2010 (LABOR DAY)

8AM	9AM	Breakfast – Sonora Courtyard
9AM	4PM	Registration Open - Sonora Board Room
9AM	2PM	Desert Botanical Gardens & Lunch
5PM	6PM	Hosted Welcome Reception – Cottonwoods "OKCorral"
6PM	8PM	Welcome to Arizona Barbeque & Hospitality Suite Open

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 2010

8AM	9AM	Breakfast – Sonora Courtyard
9AM	Noon	Registration Open – Sonora Board Room
9AM	2PM	Heard Museum & Lunch
5PM	6PM	Hosted Cocktails – La Hacienda Suite
6PM	9PM	Bus departs Pinnacle Peak Restaurant – dinner & dancing

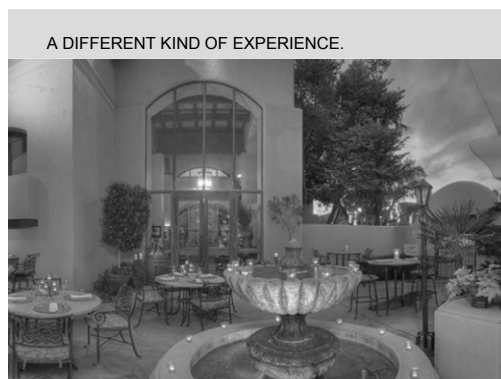
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 2010

8AM	9AM	Breakfast - Sonora Courtyard
9AM	Noon	Registration Open – Sonora Board Room
9AM	2PM	Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin West Experience
		Lunch at Maggiano's Little Italy
5PM	6PM	Hosted Cocktail Reception – Poolside
		Dinner on Own

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 2010

730AM	9AM	Breakfast - Sonora Courtyard
830AM	10AM	General Membership Meeting
Noon	4PM	Registration Open – Sonora Board Room
10AM	2PM	The Commemorative Air Force Museum – Falcon Field
		Lunch at the Anzio Landing , Mesa AZ
Open AM		Optional Ladies Spa Day at Dolce Spa
Noon	1:30PM	Ladies Luncheon J. Alexanders
		The Scottsdale Borgata Mall (adjacent to hotel)
5PM	6PM	Hospitality Open – La Hacienda Suite
6PM	7PM	Farewell Reception – Hosted Bar
7PM	10PM	Farewell Banquet Dinner, wine, entertainment
		Cottonwoods Convention Center Facility

SCOTTSDALE COTTONWOOD RESORT



For Hotel Reservations call the Scottsdale Cottonwoods Resort 480-991-1414. Request rooms in the TARPA room block at a special group rate of \$94.00 per night, plus applicable room tax. Note: This room rate will be honored three days prior and three days following our convention if you'd like to spend a little more time in Scottsdale.

The hotel is providing complimentary Super Shuttle to and from the Phoenix Sky Harbor airport (this an \$80.00 value per couple!). More information will follow on the transportation.

The hotel is also offering a complimentary breakfast each morning and will be hosting a one hour cocktail party each evening. These events have been incorporated into our schedule of events.

**Remember you must pay your TARPA annual dues
to attend the 2010 Convention.**

Send your dues in today!



Please submit the following registration form and payment to:

**TARPA Convention 2010
Attn: Captain Ed Madigan
P.O. Box 3565
Incline Village, NV 89450**



Scottsdale, AZ
September 5 – September 10, 2010
Convention Registration Form

Last Name _____ First* _____

Spouse/Other _____ First* _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip Code _____

Phone _____ E-mail _____

* Please provide your name as you would like it to appear on your name tag.

		Self	Spouse/Other	Total
<u>All Attendees Must Register</u>				
TARPA Members & Guests	Fee \$60.00	\$ _____	\$ _____	\$ _____

OPTIONAL TOURS (See attached pages for complete descriptions)

Desert Botanical Garden	Fee \$ 64.00	\$ _____	\$ _____	\$ _____
Includes lunch & \$20 entrance fee				

Welcome Reception/dinner	Fee \$55.00	\$ _____	\$ _____	\$ _____
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The Heard Museum includes	Fee \$74.00	\$ _____	\$ _____	\$ _____
Lunch and \$22 entrance fee				

Pinnacle Peak Dinner & Dancing	Fee \$56.00	\$ _____	\$ _____	\$ _____
--------------------------------	-------------	----------	----------	----------

Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin West				
Includes Lunch & \$26 ent. fee	Fee \$78.00	\$ _____	\$ _____	\$ _____

Commemorative Air Force Museum				
Includes Lunch & \$8 ent. fee	Fee \$58.00	\$ _____	\$ _____	\$ _____

Ladies Luncheon	Fee \$38.00	\$ _____	\$ _____	\$ _____
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Final Banquet Dinner				
Dinner, Dancing & Wine	Fee \$80.00	\$ _____	\$ _____	\$ _____

GRAND TOTAL \$ _____



Scottsdale, AZ
September 5 – September 10, 2010
Convention Registration Form

Last Name _____ First* _____

Spouse/Other _____ First* _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip Code _____

Phone _____ E-mail _____

* Please provide your name as you would like it to appear on your name tag.

		Self	Spouse/Other	Total
<u>All Attendees Must Register</u>				
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Includes Lunch & \$8 ent. fee	Fee \$58.00	\$ _____	\$ _____	\$ _____

Ladies Luncheon	Fee \$38.00	\$ _____	\$ _____	\$ _____
-----------------	-------------	----------	----------	----------

Final Banquet Dinner				
Dinner, Dancing & Wine	Fee \$80.00	\$ _____	\$ _____	\$ _____

GRAND TOTAL \$ _____

THE WEATHER

Cloudy, warmer tonight.
Wednesday cloudy, warmer,
followed by rain or snow.
Tuesday's low, 33 at 3 a. m.
(Weather Map on Page 4-B)

Columbus Evening Dispatch

OHIO'S GREATEST HOME DAILY

Associated Press
News, Features,
And Wirephotos
International News Service

Printed at 2nd-class MATES, Dec. 2, 1947, at post
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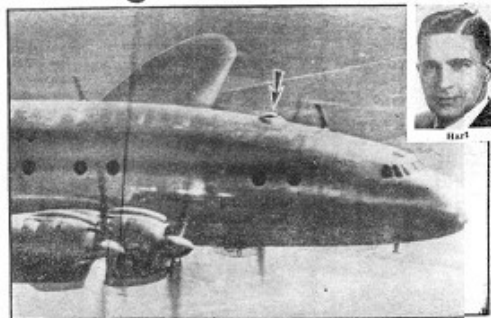
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Navigator Blown From Plastic Dome of Airliner



ARROW POINTS TO PLASTIC DOME WHICH WAS BLOWN FROM PLANE.



Hart

NEW YORK, MARCH 11.—A navigator sighting on the stars from his plastic bubble atop Trans World Airline's "Star of Hollywood" was tossed through the dome and dropped four miles into the Atlantic Ocean 500 miles out of Gander, Newfoundland, last night, TWA officials here announced.

The combined suction of the air outside and the pressure from inside the cabin was blamed. Victim of the freak accident was George Hart of Sag Harbor, Long Island, N. Y., TWA officials said. The pilot of the plane was O. F. "Buddy" Hamilton, of Richmond, Va., a check pilot on the flight. J. T. Miller, of Alexandria, Va., the regular pilot, also was aboard.

The plane, which was flying at an air speed of about 250 miles an hour at an altitude of 19,000 feet, made a safe return to the Gander airport at 10:34 p. m. The accident occurred at 7:28 p. m.

THE COAST GUARD sent a message to all ships in the area to be on the lookout for the lost navigator. The guard said there was scant possibility he could have survived the long fall.

Officials of Lockheed Aircraft Co., manufacturers of the Constellation plane, said their service man at Gander advised them that the 21 passengers "hardly knew anything had happened until the plane landed at Gander."

The Lockheed officials said parts of the plastic bubble, or astrodome, which rises about 18 inches above the top of the plane over the forward flight deck, were still in its frame.

The flight deck is separate from the passengers' compartment.

Reports received here did not state whether other members of the 10-man crew saw Navigator Hart leave the plane, or what had caused the plastic dome to break, and the navigator to be thrown upward through the opening.

THE ARRANGEMENT of the navigator's section of the flight deck permits him either to stand or sit under the dome while sighting on stars with his instruments.

Breaking the dome released the air pressure within the plane, hermetically sealed so that the atmosphere

inside can be maintained at comfortable pressures at high altitudes.

After the accident, the pilot reduced his altitude at the rate of 700 feet per minute—not an abnormal rate—until he reached a level of 10,000 feet for the return to Gander.

To determine the effect of a rapid pressure release on passengers, Lockheed technicians with Civil Aeronautics Authority investigators as passengers had made tests with a Constellation at 20,000 feet altitude, a Lockheed spokesman said. The only effect of breaking a window at that altitude had been a smoke-like condensation of the atmosphere within the plane, he said.

THE STAR OF HOLLYWOOD, bound for Geneva, Switzerland, left New York City with 18 passengers at 10:53 a. m. yesterday. It arrived at Gander at 3:58 p. m. and left there at 5:13 p. m. after picking up three additional passengers and changing crews, bound for Shannon, Eire, its next stop.

TWA officials said the passengers would continue their flight in another plane sent from New York City.

RAILWAY PRESIDENT IS

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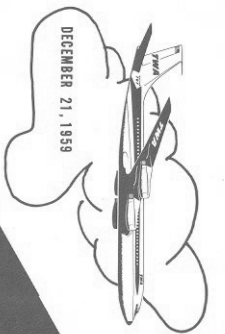
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souvenir
of the
Awards Dinner
JET IMPLEMENTATION PROGRAM



Outside seating, L-R: F/E Dale Beebe, Cap. Jack Leclaire, Cap. Gordon Granger, Cap. Max Parkinson, Cap. Jack Frier, F/E Mel Williams, F/E Jake Fisher, F/E Frank Karshik, Cap. Bob Mueller, Cap. Ray Rowe, Oz Cocke, Cap. Floyd Hall, Cap. Bob Norris, Cap. D. H. Smith, Cap. Ed Flynn, F/E Moe Hansen, F/E Bernie Hansen, F/E Bob Gaughn, F/E Ed Grenn, F/E Ivan Lyons and Cap. Jim Hendrix ***Inside seating, L-R:*** F/E Paul Jones, F/E Harold Wright, Roger Nicky, Warren Berg, F/E Jim Obertino, Don Crowley, Cap. Lee Danielson, Cap. Maynard Cowan, Cap. Bill Dixon, F/E Joe Harris, Cap. H. F. McClimans, Cap Bill Baumgardner, Cap. Bronson White (one of only two to have ever soloed a Connie, see TARPA TOPICS, April 1982) and Cap. Dayton Orr.



NEW ENGLAND AND CANADA FALL COLORS CRUISE



**ROYAL CARIBBEAN LINE'S *GRANDEUR OF THE SEAS* AT ST. JOHN,
NEW BRUNSWICK ON A GRAY SEPTEMBER DAY**



Carl and Mae Jacobs



Lois and Ray Boswell



Ed and Katy Colling



Judi and Pat Florentine



Joann Fortier



Russ and Margery Handy



Lynn and Bob Hanlin

Many thanks to Gene Corcoran, Guy Fortier, John Paxson and Charlie Wilder for submitting these photos and especially for taking the time to identify the subjects! - Ed..



^ Frank Montemurro and Sandi Badash



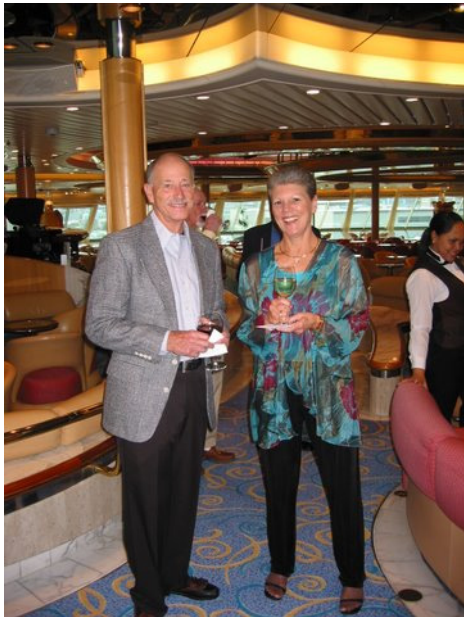
^ Howard Hofmeister Frank Montemurro and Charlie Falls



> Joe and Georgeann Hitzel



> Helen and Charlie Wilder



Pat and Judi Florentine



Bill Kirschner, at the registration desk, chats with Carl Schmidt and Vicki McGowan



Norm Gray and Guy Fortier



Dick and Pat Maier and Joy and Gene Corcoran



Dixie and Gordon Phail



John Paxson



Anita Salmonson & sister Judy Little



Bill and Gale Polk



Joan and Carl Schmidt



Tom and Nancy Smith



Carol Gray



Leslie Locke and Didi Young



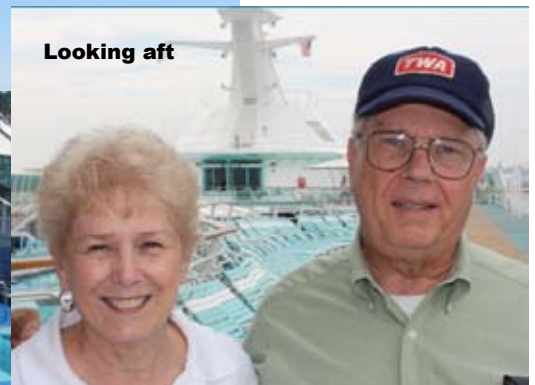
Lee Genenbacher



Kirschner & the Handys



Grandeur's top deck looking forward



Looking aft

Joy and Gene Corcoran



Tom Smith, Carl Jacobs, Vicki McGowen, John Paxson



Woody and Nancy Woodruff



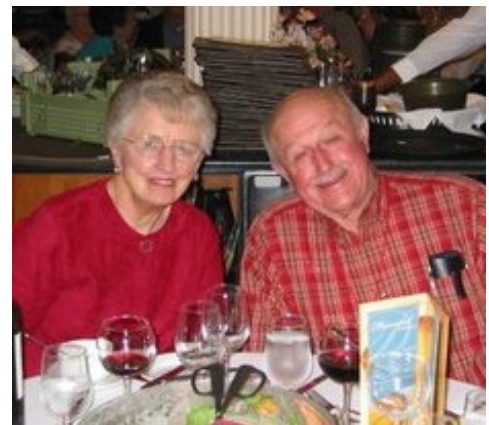
A dozen Captains on the bridge (standing L to R) Carl Schmidt, Tom Smith, Howard Hofmeister, Charlie Wilder, ship's captain Rob Hempstead, Frank Montemurro, Manny Stimmel and Woody Woodruff. (Seated) Joe Hitzel, Gene Corcoran, Ed Colling and Russ Handy.



Hal and Nancy West



Manny and Petra Stimmel



Coleen and Howard Hofmeister



THE FLIGHT OF BOEING N7229L, *PHEW!*

My most memorable flight since retiring from TWA began on February 12, 1991 at Brown Field south of San Diego. My job was to check out an ex-Air India crew, a Captain, a F/O, and two F/Es) in a vintage B-720 (N7229L) "straight pipe" and ferry it to Delhi, India. FAA airworthiness standards and noise criteria would not permit landing in the U.S. so I chose to land at Tijuana, Mexico after the test flight.



By Stu Nelson
TWA 1952-1985

Photo from *The Making of an Airline*

The aircraft was first purchased by Eastern in the early 60's and last flown by Skylark Continental, a part 125 group charter operation, four years [before]. The log-book indicated some 40,000 hours and 26,000 cycles.

Before my arrival on the scene, the engines had been run up, the gear and flaps, controls, nav/com radios, gyros and compasses checked. . My initial plan involved air work, approaches landings, and engine out procedures for the pilots, and crew coordination for the engineers. Word that we were about to attempt ascension with this earth-bound fixture must have passed quickly as we had an audience of same 300 locals. We could have sold tickets!

Our first adventure occurred with gear retraction, or rather, partial gear retraction. The nose gear would not cooperate. Additional effort proved futile, so we conducted the test, air work and approaches with it down. After two hours and indicating 8000 pounds of fuel, we landed at TIJ (Tijuana). The write-ups, as well as the nose gear, were: inop. #1 gyro; #1 fuel flow; #4 generator; auto pilot; HF and omega. The gear problem was resolved. The gyros and auto pilot servos were swapped and other repairs undertaken. The next night we spent another two hours shooting approaches and landings. The generator carried its bus, but the autopilot, omega and #1 fuel flow did not function.

For a variety of reasons, the most desirable route was across the Pacific, which demanded an operable omega system. To cover all the bases and initiate the paperwork, I also planned on a possible North Atlantic Radio Range (Blue Spruce) operation. Because of the Desert Storm fracas, it was necessary to secure over flight permission from the USSR , Afghanistan and Pakistan.



N7229L

After several fixes and non-fixes, I elected to proceed with one ADF, two VORs, and VHF comm. This scratched the Pacific. On Friday morning, February 15th, we took off for Gander. We received USSR and Pakistan overflight permission and expected Afghanistan's by Gander or Helsinki.

Upon reaching our initial cruising altitude of FL330, I found that the autopilot would not function properly. We flew manually most of the 3000 NM. Repeated attempts to engage the AP finally paid off. By activating the paddle switch and immediately moving the turn control full right, the aircraft, after a few oscillations, would fly straight and level. We could now hold heading and altitude and make left turns! In addition the VOR was marginal and the HF and one AVE inop. We landed Gander at 0300 local and spent the night.

Old N7229L burned 2000 pounds/hr more than advertised. We cranked in a 21% correction and departed for Helsinki at 1000 local. Our route was 55N/50W OZN KEF 64N/ to 00, then direct. EFHK at FL270 to stay under the MNPS [minimum navigation performance standards] airspace. An hour out of

Gander we were informed the OZN beacon would be shut down for 24 hours (not NOTAMed). This necessitated 1200 NM of DR navigation before we could pick up KEF. No wonder we were not allowed up in the MNPS. East of Iceland the #2 oil pressure light came on. The pressure was OK. Our problem was with the filter by-pass or indicating system. We secured the engine, changed our course to fly over Trondheim, and pressed on.

Near 60N/10W we encountered moderate then severe turbulence and were unable to maintain altitude within 2000 feet. We notified Iceland Control, were advised of similar conditions at all altitudes and bored on. Boeing builds them to last! Oslo and Stockholm WX was VMC, Helsinki was improving, the aircraft was intact and flying OK, so we continued to Helsinki .

We spent an extra day in Helsinki to check out the oil pressure light. With no contamination in the oil by-pass, the engine problem, according to Finnair mechanics, was in the wiring. Without an operating oil pressure light, we double-checked the pressure gauge during the rest of the trip.

The Afghan over flight permission failed to materialize. Rather than waste more time on further requests, we departed at 0730 the next morning for Lahore, Pakistan. I planned to tell the Afghans, should they inquire, that in the absence of a negative response, we assumed the clearance was approved. The worst that could happen would be a landing at Kabul. All this uncertainty made the flight more interesting!

Our route took us west of St. Petersburg (Leningrad), south of Moscow, diagonally across western Russia, over the Volga River, near Kubyshev, over Aktyubinsk, the Aral Sea, Samarkand, Termez, west of Kabul, Afghanistan and on to Lahore.

Except for three VORs the navigational fixes are ADF or ADF intersections. Although we were under constant radar coverage, it was required that we make a position report at every fix.

Some 400 miles northwest of Tashkent , the #2 fuel heater ceased to function, the engine lost power and we descended from 12000 meters to 11000 meters. After ten minutes, the engine power was restored and we continued on our way. The hills are high in Afghanistan and we would have landed in Tashkent rather than continue on three engines.

How do we handle Afghanistan? Besides normal position reports, I decided that we would make numerous inquiries about upper level winds and terminal weather to keep the controllers occupied during the 44-minute flight over their area. West of Kabul, they requested our over flight number. We gave them our first, then second telex request number. The charade worked. We mentioned the assumed approval, thanked them profusely for all their assistance, bade them goodbye and crossed the border into Pakistan.

In order to avoid restricted areas, the west approach to Lahore entails flying considerably south—almost due west of Delhi . Given this routing and the strong westerly winds at altitude, it was just as quick to go direct to Delhi . Other than the usual smoke from cow dung fires restricting visibility, the weather was acceptable. We changed our flight plan and went direct to Delhi. We landed with 7000 pounds of fuel remaining.

Two days later I left India via PanAm to Frankfurt and TWA to New York and Los Angeles .



A SUSPECT HISTORY OF THE SPRUCE GOOSE AIRLINER

By Lloyd Jones

[Editor's note: Following WWII the commercial aviation industry was caught in a sea of change. The war generated material restrictions were no longer applicable, and the need for long-range transportation capabilities was ever changing by a globalizing world market. In retrospect, it is sometimes interesting to speculate on what might have been, such as this imaginary press release from early 1950s. Sit back and enjoy a story that could have been.]

(New York, October 1949) – It has recently been learned that following its first successful test flight in 1947, the Hughes H-4 was spirited away to a small tropical island in the South Pacific. Although a large hanger was built in California to house the H-4, and photos showing the plane in the building were revealed to the press, new information proves they were actually pictures of a scale model. Meanwhile, in a cavernous underground factory on this unnamed island, Hughes began construction on a fleet of the giant flying boats.

Howard Hughes, the prime mover behind TWA, was determined to prove the value of his magnificent flying machine after his confrontation with the Congressional Committee. Under his direction six more of the flying boats have been assembled and tested in total secrecy. With the lifting of war-time restrictions on critical materials such as aluminum, the new planes have been constructed of metal. The original wooden H-4 has been modified to commercial configuration and will be the first to be placed into service.



TWA has just announced the introduction of their new transport, dubbed "Aluminum Albatross." In keeping with TWA tradition, each plane has been given a descriptive name. Playing on the size of the aircraft, they have been named Hercules, Titanus, Mammoth, Amazon, Colossus and Big Foot.

The planes are magnificent! Huge panoramic windows allow the passengers to observe the less fortunate travelers on the slower transatlantic ocean liners. On the inaugural flight last week, the Captain of Mammoth gave his passengers a rare treat when he buzzed the Queen Mary. There were no (printable) comments from the voyagers on the ship, but the pilot had to return the British flag that was accidentally wrapped around one of the floats.

The competition between TWA and Pan American Airways is well known. Word of TWA's intention to place a fleet of Aluminum Albatrosses into service caught Pan Am completely by surprise. Pan Am has been searching for a comparable plane and even considered a six engine, double-hulled version of their popular Model 314 Clipper. This plane was actually under development by Boeing, the Model 320,* but was quickly abandoned because the construction jigs for the 314 flying boat had been destroyed.

It is not exactly known how Pan Am was able to obtain one of the giant flying boats. Rumors indicate it was won in a poker game. In any case, Pan Am has managed to acquire an "Aluminum Albatross," calling it "Clipper Universe." Due to be placed in service early next year, Pan Am is offering bookings for two unique nonstop flights between New York and Los Angeles. One will take off from New York, head east over the Atlantic, Mediterranean, Red Sea, Indian Ocean and Pacific arriving in Los Angeles four days later. The second is for individuals in more of a rush. After departing New York, the aircraft will transit down the East Coast to Miami, then across the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean to the Isthmus of Panama. After crossing to the Pacific, it will run up the west coast of Mexico arriving in Los Angeles in slightly over 24 hours after departure.

Pan Am's new queen-of-the-air is being touted as offering services associated with first class ocean liner travel! The great wings were large enough to provide staterooms with bunks for the first class passengers, while those in coach will find the reclining seats quite comfortable. A modern kitchen in the tail is able to prepare food to be served in a dining area having panoramic windows, overlooking the scenic vistas below.

In the front is a magnificent library, and in the evening, recorded music will be played as passengers dance on the floor in the forward viewing area. At night, powerful spotlights, mounted in the leading edge of the wings and in the float pylons, illuminate the area beneath the plane as it skims low over the ocean.

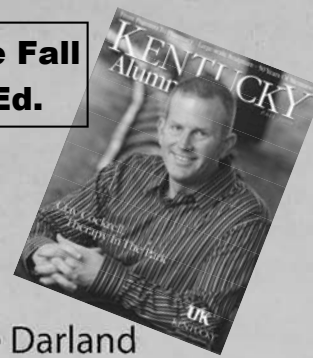
For those with a bit more energy, a shuffle board has been built into the cavernous area between the top of the cabin and the fuselage. This is reached by a small escalator behind the cockpit area.

With a total passenger and crew capacity of 426, TWA and Pan Am are able to offer a quality of air travel than cannot be match by competing, land-based aircraft.

*Historians take note: This was a real Boeing design study.

[Reprinted with permission of the American Aviation Historical Society, *AAHS JOURNAL*, Summer 2009. See their excellent web site at www.aahs-online.org. An AAHS membership is \$39.95 per year, well worth it for the magazines (four per year) alone. The Fall 2009 issue (below) has more on the real Spruce Goose.—*TARPA TOPICS Ed.*]





Jon Zachem:

50 Years Of Flying And Staying Connected To UK

By Jesse Darland



Photo: Jesse Darland

There is nothing that makes Jon Zachem more happy than flying. Well, perhaps his long marriage to his wife Nancy, but we'll get to that later. In his Lexington home, this pilot reflects on his flying career and what it's meant to him — and its relationship to the University of Kentucky. "You know, every good thing that's happened to me in my adult life had roots at UK," he says. "Flying and Nancy. I met both airplanes and her here."

Zachem has reason to have strong feelings about UK. He earned his pilot's license while a senior, a license that he's maintained for 50 years. He obtained a bachelor's degree from the College of Arts & Sciences in 1959. Later in life, Zachem began a second career working in the UK Office of Development. And then, of course, there's the wife that he mentioned! UK has been good to Jon Zachem, but he's also given back to his alma mater.

As a student in the late '50s, Zachem was part of the UK Air Force Advanced ROTC program. Several times a week he'd put away his schoolbooks and head out to Bluegrass Field to take flying lessons in a small box of a plane thousands of feet above ground. ROTC paid for private flying lessons for Zachem and his fellow cadets before they entered the more strenuous Air Force training program.

During his senior year, Zachem was selected Wing Commander of his ROTC group. He also completed his first solo flight in a Cessna 140. "There's a big difference between Air Force jets and those little 140s," Zachem says, "but at least it let people know that we had the aptitude to fly an airplane." He was given a pair of pilot's wings that still hang on the wall of his home office today — though they've been augmented by several more over the years.

That senior year was a busy one for Zachem. He also played first base on UK's baseball team and took a part-time job as a houseboy serving lunch and dinner at the Kappa Alpha Theta house.

"There used to be this path by the Chi Omega and Tri-Delt houses and I'd be hurrying through there to work," he explains. He would sometimes meet Nancy Ellen Ladd on her way from the Alpha Gamma Delta house to a noon class. "We'd pass, then we'd smile and speak, and before you knew it we were dating." The couple will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary in March.

When Zachem graduated he was commissioned a lieutenant in the U.S. Air Force. He and Nancy threw everything they owned into a '57 Chevy and took off for Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas, for his basic training. He later logged 604 combat hours in Vietnam between 1963 and 1964, back when the United States was still advising the South Vietnamese and had not begun formal military operations. Zachem flew a South Vietnamese crew member in an O1-E, a small boxy aircraft not much different from the Cessna he'd trained in at Bluegrass Field, spotting ground targets in advance for bombers.

Zachem left the Air Force with the rank of captain, and almost immediately moved to Chicago, Ill., to begin flying for Trans World Airlines as a first officer and joined the Air National Guard flying F-84F jetfighters in nearby Peoria.

He later moved to New York, where he advanced to captain and began flying international Boeing 767 flights to Europe from the famous TWA Flight Center at JFK International. He sometimes flew famous passengers such as Henry Fonda or Louis Armstrong back and forth across the Atlantic.

Eventually he and Nancy moved back to Lexington. By then, Zachem was a senior captain. He would hop on a plane at Blue Grass Airport in the morning and ride a jump seat to St. Louis, Mo., where he would board a 767 and get ready for takeoff.

In 1989, UK came calling and Zachem took a position to lead the newly-expanded UK Fellows program but he wasn't ready to hang up his pilot's wings just yet.

At the time, many alumni clubs around the area would ask that the UK president, athletic director and coaches come out and speak at meetings. While it wasn't part of his official job description, Zachem was happy to help fly them to meetings — or anywhere else with an airfield and an alumni club.

"Once they were exposed to flying they never wanted to drive again," Zachem says. "We took Kyle Macy up to Columbus, Ohio, once and he just thought it was great. He was used to getting in the car and driving two or three hours one way."

For Zachem's day job in the UK Office of Development, moonlighting as a pilot fit hand-in-glove. While his passengers were speaking to the alumni clubs, he'd meet with existing or potential donors. UK Alumni Association Director Stan Key still remembers Zachem's generosity with his time. "Jon was very helpful to the association in past years in arranging flights and taking the university president and coaches out to meet with alumni clubs," Key says. "These university speaker appearances with the clubs would not have been possible without Jon's services."

An off-duty sideline for Zachem was volunteering to fly for Angel Flight, a charity that provides free, nonemergency flights to critically-ill patients who cannot afford transportation to medical treatment facilities.

When he eventually retired from UK in 1999, Zachem thought he was finally leaving aviation behind. But several months later an acquaintance who owns Photo Science, a Lexington aerial photography and survey company, asked Zachem to consider flying temporarily. Eight years later, Zachem's still flying for him. "I just kept going," he says, and laughs. "I'm part-timing it now. It was just a real blessing because I had started to miss flying."

Zachem has also been involved with the Kentucky Aviation Museum in Lexington as a member of its advisory board, providing encouragement and support. He served eight years on the Blue Grass Airport board and the Lexington Chamber of Commerce board (now Commerce Lexington). He presently serves on the Kentucky Airport Zoning Commission in Frankfort and the Kentucky Aviation Association board.

His daughter, Elizabeth Woodward, has two UK degrees and lives in Lexington with her husband and young children. The whole family is often at UK sporting events cheering on the Big Blue. His son Mark lives in Massachusetts with one daughter. And Zachem has added one more UK connection to his résumé: he's a member of the Class of 1959 Reunion Committee, finalizing the festivities for the Oct. 30 affair, in conjunction with Homecoming weekend.

"This year is a big 50 year thing for me — when I soloed, when my class graduated from UK and when I met my wife," he says. "I'm right back where I started in a way, flying little single-engine planes out of Blue Grass. I've flown a perfect 360."

This year Jon Zachem receives the Wright Brothers Master Pilot Award from the Federal Aviation Administration for 50 years of consecutive, accident-free commercial flying. The award is slated to be presented at the Kentucky Aviation Association's August 2009 conference in Bowling Green.



Watch Jon Zachem as he visits the Kentucky Aviation Museum. Go to www.ukalumni.net, keyword: Zachem



Second Lt. Jon Zachem, center, stands proud as his fiancée Nancy Ladd and UK President Frank Dickey pin on his new bars during a ROTC ceremony.



THE PAPAL CHARTERS



TWA's favorable relationship with the Vatican goes back to the very beginning of our International operation, when in February, 1946, five Cardinals-designate were flown to Rome for the first Consistory (meeting of the College of Cardinals) since the end of WW II. Cardinals Stritch and Mooney left CHI Feb. 10 aboard fleet number 550, the *Star of Cairo* (see *TOPICS*, July 2009, P.29 to see it's fate) and the other three, Spellman, Glennon and Tien left LGA aboard the *Star of Rome* the following day. Cardinal Tien, of China, was the first non-Caucasian to be elevated to the post of Cardinal.



^ The photo caption reads: **INSIDE THE AIRLINER, passengers relax while crew prepares for take-off. Plane was stocked with special quantities of foodstuff for the long flight. Most of the men carried cameras to record the historic occasion. Some had never flown before, but appeared at ease.**



A KANSAS CITY GIRL LISTENS while Archbishop Samuel A. Stritch of Chicago explains the symbols on a papal flag made in Vatican City. Miss Marjorie L. Hoeltzel, 24, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George N. Hoeltzel, 6026 East Fifteenth Street Terrace, is a TWA hostess on the plane carrying the archbishop on the first leg of a flight to Rome, where he is to be made a cardinal February 21—(Wirephoto).

January-February, 1946

THE SKYLINER

Page 3

First into Paris

When first TWA passengers in Paris greeted the Cardinal Commission "Star of Cairo" in the city of light, the Cardinal Commission "Star of Cairo" was the first American plane to land in Paris since the end of the war.

Lee McCaskey, assistant general for TWA, speaks at a ceremony welcoming TWA and Cardinal Commission "Star of Cairo" to Paris. The Cardinal Commission "Star of Cairo" is the first American plane to land in Paris since the end of the war.

Three of the Cardinal Commission "Star of Cairo" passengers, Cardinals Spellman, Glennon and Tien, are seen in the foreground. The Cardinal Commission "Star of Cairo" is the first American plane to land in Paris since the end of the war.

To Rome With Cardinals

Archbishop Samuel A. Stritch of Chicago explains the symbols on a papal flag made in Vatican City. Miss Marjorie L. Hoeltzel, 24, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George N. Hoeltzel, 6026 East Fifteenth Street Terrace, is a TWA hostess on the plane carrying the archbishop on the first leg of a flight to Rome, where he is to be made a cardinal February 21—(Wirephoto).

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Among the passengers were Joseph Stritch, ex-GI, who was going back to marry a girl he courted in Brussels during the war; Lucie Spille and Robert Spille, fashion designers on route to Paris spring openings; Ben J. Joseph, Palestine diamond expert; George Herbin, City, Ind.; executive General Lott, returning to his native France to take charge of an extensive 16 mm. movie project for Low's International Corporation; Basil Dick, leading French engineer, and a delegation of the French Business Commission. Scheduled time for the New York-Paris flight is 18 hours. Service for the time being is twice weekly, increasing to daily service within the next few weeks.

The January-February, 1946 issue of the TWA *Skyliner* had a lot to report: President Jack Frye set a new Coast to Coast transcontinental non-stop record (Burbank-LaGuardia, 7:28) on February, 3 with 44 members of the news media aboard. On February, 5 the *Star of Paris*, "Carrying the largest number of passengers (36) ever to fly between the United States and Europe...." inaugurated TWA's International Service, landing in Paris after a 16 hour 21 minute flight from LaGuardia with stops at Gander and Shannon. And, on February, 10 we flew five Cardinals-designate to Rome, "...for their official elevation to their new posts by Pope Pius XII." The entire issue is available on line. Go to:

<http://web2.umkc.edu/whmckc/TWA/TWASkyliner.htm>

< The hostess in this picture later married Tony Gatty, the flight engineer on the Washington to Rome leg of the October 1979 charter for Pope John Paul II. The caption reads:

A KANSAS CITY GIRL LISTENS while Archbishop Samuel A. Stritch of Chicago explains the symbols on a papal flag made in Vatican City. Miss Marjorie L. Hoeltzel, 24, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George N. Hoeltzel, 6026 East Fifteenth Street Terrace, is a TWA hostess on the plane carrying the archbishop on the first leg of a flight to Rome, where he is to be made a cardinal February 21—(Wirephoto).



In the post WW II era, few radio/television personalities painted a prettier picture of TWA than one of the first 'televangelists', Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, 1895-1979, on the radio from 1930 to 1950 and TV, 1951-'68. He loved TWA and coined the phrase "**T**Travel **W**With **A**ngels" and when he wrote "TWA" on his chalk board, he would draw a little halo over the letters, . That kind of "ink" cannot be purchased!

THE FIRST PAPAL CHARTER, OCTOBER 1965

The first pope ever to visit the United States was Paul VI. He arrived in an Alitalia DC-8 at JFK on October 4, 1965. The purpose of his mission was to address the United Nations General Assembly the next day. Later that day the pope celebrated mass before a crowd of 90,000 in Yankee Stadium and met with President Johnson during his fourteen hours in New York. He then returned to Rome on a TWA B-707 captained by George C. Duvall (1909-1998, TWA 1938-1969).

Although the crux of his one-day visit was his "give peace a chance" speech, delivered at the New York headquarters of the United Nations, the pope's modesty and straightforwardness managed to win the hearts and minds of previously suspicious Americans. It was during his farewell address that Paul VI pronounced those memorable words: "To America, Our prayerful wishes for prosperity and peace, under the rule of law, in concord with the other nations of the world; and Our heartfelt blessings upon its people, their families, their government, their homes and schools and churches, one Nation, under God, free and indivisible. God bless America! God bless you all!"

"President Tillinghast has praised the hundreds of employees who devoted an around-the-clock effort to the preparation of the flight of His Holiness Pope Paul VI to Rome, following his address to the United Nations October 4. 'All of you may feel a deep sense of satisfaction and pride in having participated in this historic and momentous mission,' he said." - *Skyliner*



We believe that with this exceptional journey we can really serve peace. We invite all to pray that we may serve this great cause which we can say is urgent and present: to pray that all may understand and favor peace, that we may for the common good achieve the aim we have set before us. —Pope Paul VI

Both pictures are from the TWA *Skyliner* of October 11, 1965. The October 25, 1965 issue also has several photos and related stories. You can read them on line at the University of Missouri, Kansas City's Western Historical Manuscripts Collection (WHMC). All issues from the 1960s are now available at:

<http://web2.umkc.edu/whmckc/TWA/TWASkyliner.htm>



CAPTAIN IN COMMAND on the return flight of Pope Paul VI to Rome is no stranger to His Holiness. Veteran TWA Captain George Duvall earlier this year (*Skyliner*, March 29) in a private audience at the Vatican presented to the Pope a copy of *The 500th Anniversary Pictorial Census of the Gutenberg Bible*. Captain Duvall, a Presbyterian and former member of the board of the Chicago Bible Society, aided the book's author, the Rev. Don Cleveland Norman, in its preparation.



CREW MEMBERS of Flight 6840 on which Pope Paul VI returned to Rome after his historic United Nations speech on October 4 pose at planeside. Left to right (ascending order) are: Captain George Duvall; first officer W. Carl Johnson; flight engineer Edward Vreeland; pursers Al Rossi, Rudy Popolo and Al Di Cecco; hostesses Donatella Morganti, Diane Sutton, Arleen Cunningham, Betty Epstein and Elaine McMurray.

From the TWA *Skyliner*, October 11, 1965. Most of this and the October 25, issues are devoted to our first papal charter. You can view them on line at: <http://web2.umkc.edu/whmckc/TWA/TWASkyliner.htm>

THE JOHN PAUL II CHARTERS—1979 THERE WERE OTHERS IN 1987, 1993, 1995 AND 1999

The October 1979 papal charter was the first, and longest visit to the United States by Pope John Paul II. He would later make four more visits requiring TWA charters on at least one leg, usually the return flight to Rome. (He also visited Anchorage and Fairbanks for a few hours on two different trans Pacific flights.)

Bill Hillebrand, the captain of *Shepherd II*, explains the itinerary: "...our crew carried the written press and John Everly carried the camera press, while Sal Falluco had the Pope on board his flight.

Shepherd II and *III* preceded *Shepherd I* by about 1 hr so the press could be in place when the Pope's flight arrived. Both crews of *Shepherd II* and *III* would then be lined up at the main cabin door when



(L to R) Mary Feltes, Nancy Bush, George Karamitis and Bill Hillebrand

the Pope emerged from the plane. He greeted each one of us with a handshake as he proceeded from the bottom of the stairway to the podium at each of the stops.

The first stop was in PHL. We then flew to DSM, ORD and ADW. I believe the Pope was then flown by helicopter to JFK where he went back to Rome on one of our 747s.

The Pope's longest stop was in Chicago where he celebrated an outdoor Mass."

George Karamitis adds: "When I received the call to be on the

papal charter, I was completely shocked. I called my brother who is a Jesuit Priest and asked him if there was anything special he would like me to relay to his boss. After a long pause he figured it out that I was talking about TWA's involvement with the papal charter. He was very envious.

The domestic portion of the flight consisted of three 'stretch' 727s. *Shepherd I*, the Pope and his immediate entourage; *Shepherd II*, press and dignitaries, and *Shepherd III*, more press and dignitaries. I was assigned to *Shepherd II* as the F/O along with Capt. Bill Hillebrand, and F/E Andy Bohutinsky. Each 727 had six flight attendants. All of these crew members as well as the crew members from the other two aircraft were excellent to work with.

The final briefing for the flight was held in

"An interesting side note is on how it came to be that the *TRANS WORLD* painted on the side of each of the 727s was solid red as opposed to the rest of the fleet which had it in white with a red outline. Apparently the white/red outline did not show up very well on TV. Subsequently, the whole fleet was then repainted with the solid red *TRANS WORLD*." - Bill Hillebrand



Seeing our new livery for the first time, one captain wondered aloud, "Do you suppose they're on a secret mission?"
Photo courtesy of Jon Proctor

Boston. That is where the domestic portion of the flight would begin. I was very proud of the TWA Team from 605 that, along with Vatican Representatives, fine tuned all the proper protocol. I had never seen such intensity for detail.

The flight itinerary would take us from BOS to NYC for day one. The next day on to PHL. The third day From PHL to DSM where the Holy Father said a Mass in a large field, then on to ORD for two days. The last leg of the domestic portion was to Andrews Air Force Base in Washington.

All of the flight crews had the opportunity to meet the Pope close up and personal. This first happened as he deplaned in DSM. Then again at Andrews Air Force Base. It was a very moving experience.

It is hard to believe that all happened 30 years ago. I think of the experience often.”

Nelson Krueger, F/E on the domestic *Shepherd I* recalled his experience in recent correspondence: “I do not profess to be a Catholic, nevertheless, it was a trip—taken 30 years ago, October, 1979, spent in the presence of the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church that has left an indelible mark on my life. It was the most incredible experience of my life.

The whole trip was an odyssey that was surrounded by an abundance of good news. In late September 1979, I was on a layover at the Airport Hilton in St. Louis when crew schedule called my hotel room advising me that I was set up to deadhead home to Kansas City for a different journey. I was told I was to spend the next five days at the overhaul base at MCI with TWA B-727-231, plane #4303, which was being outfitted with a special interior including a white lamb skin covered table immediately aft of the cockpit door across from the First Class galley and the First Class cabin would have seats of varying sizes to be in line with Vatican protocol. There was a big chair for the Pope, then a couple of chairs that were almost as big for the Cardinals, then a little smaller for a couple of bishops and so on. Reporters and church dignitaries filled the back of *Shepherd I* as well as *Shepherd II* and *Shepherd III*. I thought the phone call was an imaginative joke or simple slip of the tongue. I actually was overwhelmed at hearing I had been selected as part of the flight crew that would transport Pope John Paul II and his entourage of clergymen during his first visit to the United States. I thought, ‘You’ve got to be kidding’. My experience flying the pontiff still brings shivers.



Items from the papal charters can still be seen at the Strawberry Hill Museum and Cultural Center in Kansas City

The five days leading up to ferrying three B-727s to Boston were unscheduled Check ‘Cs’. The airplanes were better than when we got them from Boeing because our TWA guys had worked on them. From Aileron to Dzus fastener, every system was checked and checked again. The exterior aluminum skin was buffed, paint polished and crowned with the stenciling of the Papal Seal aft of the forward entry, with bold black block lettering, *Shepherd I* on the nose near the pitot tubes. She looked breathtakingly beautiful. What we were about to do was starting to sink in.

I recall my first encounter with the pope. It was a Monday in Boston, roughly one year after John Paul II assumed his role as head of the Catholic Church. A steady rain dampened everything but the spirits of those waiting anxiously for the chance to see their spiritual leader in person. After deplaning Air Lingus using the exterior stairs of the day, Pope John Paul II took time to greet the crowd despite the disagreeable weather conditions and made his way on a 50 yard path of red carpet to his waiting plane,

Shepherd One. The Pope came up the stairs, entered the airplane and came into the cockpit. Just as soon as he entered those snug quarters, he put his arms around me and gave me a big hug, which I'll always remember. The rain had sufficiently moistened the beautiful red cape draped around the pope's neck. Attempting to help the Pope look his best before his speech later that day at the United Nations headquarters in New York City, I suggested the cape be suspended by a hanger in front of a cockpit air vent. It was a simple gesture and a brief moment of personal interaction, but the pope responded with another appreciative embrace. I found the religious leader both robust and personable. When he'd look at you, a million bits of information changed between you and him in one second. You could tell he was a real 'genuine fella'.

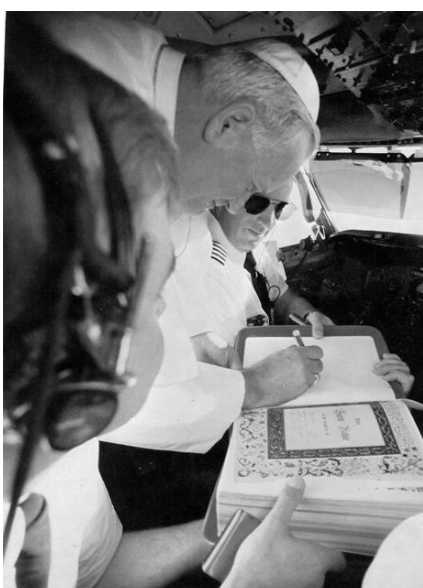


Nels hangs the papal cape to dry

During the next few days we crisscrossed the country, stopping in Washington, Chicago and Iowa, at the Living History Farms Museum near Des Moines. Three days after the pope's arrival in Boston, poor weather had followed them on their excursion to the Hawkeye State. The crowd, huddled together in the bitter winds, totaled in the hundreds of thousands. It was the most incredible thing I've ever seen. People just cheer wildly, I mean, it's a concussion! You can feel the noise in your skin. He just represents hope. How anybody can do that was just more than I can figure out. It was like nothing I had experienced in my eleven years with TWA or my continued flight experience afterward. The Pope took time to visit the cockpit four times during his stay. As the second-longest serving pope, John Paul II is widely recognized as one of the most influential leaders of the last century. The Pope had a natural aura of kindness and love. He had the most beautiful blue eyes that I've ever seen that just kind of communicate with you. He is somebody who would help you, you could tell that from his eyes, and he was somebody who would be accepting of your assistance if he needed any. I attended the Mass at St. Patrick Cathedral in New York City, where the pope



Inside *Shepherd I*



John Paul II autographs a family bible for Sal Fallucco. This was used in the Oct. 29, 1979 *Skyliner*

was to speak. Holding one of the large lights illuminating the site was a young priest, whose proximity to the heat of the bulb was causing him to sweat profusely. As he was leaving the pope stepped off the red carpet that had been laid out for him -- as much a security border as a regal welcoming decoration -- and approached the priest. The pope came about 10 paces off of the red carpet and very slowly went over to this guy and wiped this young priest's face. I thought, you know, there's a guy that will tend to a human need. A hundred of us saw that, and we didn't take care of it, but he did." Thirty years later, those details still are fresh in my mind. I didn't have time, at the time, to think about the possible historical significance of what was occurring around me, but, after three decades of reflection, I am finally able to appreciate the very special opportunity that was provided to me. I think I'm just now realizing what we had done and who we had on board and what he represented. It was a privilege to be involved in any way with that trip."

MENUS, GUEST AND CREW LISTS

The following pages are photos and scans of the *Shepherd I* “welcome aboard” packet which contained the menu for each leg and lists of guests and cockpit and cabin crew members. The original document was 13 1/2” X 20” and folded in three. The outside cover was a blue-gray, the inside a lighter gray and the inner pages were a buff yellow. It was printed on a quite heavy, deeply textured paper which made it impossible to get really good scans.

Note the menu is quite similar to the regular Royal Ambassador service of that era.

Our thanks to Dr. Janice Gatty, daughter of *Shepherd I*, from Washington to Rome, F/E Tony Gatty, for lending the original for photographing and scanning.—Ed.




VISIT OF
POPE JOHN PAUL II
United States of America
October, 1979




PAPAL SUITE

BEVERAGES

COCKTAILS

Manhattan Harvey's Sherry
 Smirnoff Silver Vodka Martini
 Campari Beefsteak Martini
 Screwdriver Bloody Mary
 ORANGE CHAMPAGNE
 A Refreshing Starter
 BOCCIE BALL
 Made with Amaretto di Saronno,
 Orange Juice and Club Soda

SPRITS

Jack Daniels LW Harper
 Canadian Club Beefsteak Gin
 Johnny Walker Red Label J&B Rare
 Berry Martin V.S.O.P. and Soda
 Smirnoff Vodka Bacardi Rum

LIQUEURS

Amaretto di Saronno
 Berry Martin V.S.O.P.
 Grand Marnier Kahlua Drambuie

Selected Beers
 Mineral Water Juice

WINES

Moët et Chandon
 Brut Imperial
 Bertriger Pinot Noir 1977
 Spring Mountain
 Chardonnay 1977
 Chateau Talbot
 St. Julien 1970
 Freeman Abbey
 Chardonnay 1977

These five wines
 have been selected for the
 various flight segments.

BOSTON TO NEW YORK

CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST

Orange Juice
 Fresh Melon
 Cinnamon Twist Pastry Mini French Roll
 Creamery Butter
 Cranberry Conserve from
 The Trappist Monks of
 Saint Joseph's Abbey,
 Spencer, Mass.

NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA

LLINCHEON SNACK

Roast Beef Sandwich on Seeded Roll
 Ham and Cheese on Rye Bread
 Dijon Mustard Horseradish Sauce

Fresh Fruit
 Fancy Cookies

PHILADELPHIA TO DES MOINES

LUNCH

Chesapeake Crabmeat Appetizer
 Louis Sauce

Romaine Salad, Oil and Vinegar Dressing

Charbroiled Sirloin Steak with
 Café de Paris Butter
 Baked Stuffed Potato
 Broccoli Florets Polonaise
 Julienne of Carrots

Egg Bread Creamery Butter

Viennese Fruit Tartlette

Liberty Bell Orange Chocolate

DES MOINES TO CHICAGO

LIGHT REFRESHMENTS

An Assortment of Canapés
 and Gourmandises
 Smoked Salmon Gouda Cheese
 Parma Ham Smoked Turkey
 Shrimp-Aurora in Heron basket
 Carne Gallantine Pate en Croûte
 Chaud Poid de Volaille
 Foie Gras Barquette
 Quail Eggs Stuffed with Caviar

Petit Fours

OCTOBER 2, 1979
 Boston to New York
 OCTOBER 3, 1979
 New York to Philadelphia
 OCTOBER 4, 1979
 Philadelphia to Des Moines
 Des Moines to Chicago
 OCTOBER 6, 1979
 Chicago to Washington, D.C.
 OCTOBER 7, 1979
 Washington, D.C. to Rome

CHICAGO TO WASHINGTON, D.C.

BREAKFAST

Orange or Tomato Juice

Fresh Melon and Berries

Cheddar Cheese Omelet
Tenderloin Steak
Savory Brailed Tomato

Kolache

Pastry filled with
Apples, Raisins and Nuts ...
Topped with Powdered Sugar

French Roll Creamery Butter
Strawberry Preserves from The
Trappist Monks of Saint Joseph's
Abbey, Spencer, Mass.

WASHINGTON, D.C. TO HOME

DINNER

Fresh Iranian Osetra Caviar
Prawns Pate de Foie Gras
Scottish Smoked Salmon Celeriac

CHATEAUBRIAND, SAUCE PERIGUEUX
Chateau Talbot St. Julien 1970

LAMB REB ROAST, MINT SAUCE
Moët et Chandon, Brut Imperial

LORSTER THEHARDOR, RICE PILAF
Freemask Abbey Chardonnay, 1977
Rissolée Potatoes Tornato Florentine

Endive, Bibb Lettuce and Tornato,
Vinaigrette Dressing
Sourdough and Pumpernickel Bread
Gressin Breadsticks
Whipped Butter

Brie New York Cheddar
Dunkap Gorgonzola
Gethersman Cheese from
Gethersman Farms, Trappist, Kentucky
Assortment of Fresh Fruits

Swiss Toblerone Chocolate Ice Cream
Anaretti Cookies French Pastries
Florida Key Lime Tarts
Trappistine Candies from
Mount Saint Mary's Abbey,
Wrentham, Mass.

Coffee Tea Espresso Milk
Coffee Flavors of the World

CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST

Orange and Tomato Juice
Pineapple Roast Whipped Butter
Créissant French Roll
Danish Cheese Pocket
Darrison Plum Jam from
The Trappist Monks of
Saint Joseph's Abbey,
Spencer, Mass.

FEATURE MOVIE

"A Little Romance"
Starring Laurence Olivier
P.G., A-2

Da WASHINGTON a ROMA

CENA

Caviale Osetra, Presco dall'Iran
Gambieri Pate de Foie Gras
Soluzione di Svezia Affumicato
Radice di Sedano

CHATEAUBRIAND IN SALSA
PERIGUEUX

Chateau Talbot St. Julien 1970

COSTATA D'AGNELLO ARROSTO CON
SALSA DI MENTA

Moët et Chandon, Brut Imperial
ARAGOSTA THEHARDOR,

RISOTTO PILAF

Freemask Abbey Chardonnay, 1977
Patate Rissolée, Pomodori alla Fiorentina

RISOTTO PILAF

Freemask Abbey Chardonnay, 1977

Patate Rissolée, Pomodori alla Fiorentina

Endivia Lattuga Bibb e Pomodoro,

in Salsa Vinaigrette

Pane Casareccio e Pumpernickel
Gressin

Burrto di Carpiugna

Brie Cheddar di New York
Dunkap Gorgonzola
Formaggio Gethersman
del Monastero Trappisti in Kentucky
Frutta Secca

Gelato di Cioccolato Svizzero Toblerone
Anaretti Pasticceria Francese
Florida Key Lime Torte

Caramelle dei Trappisti,
Mount Saint Mary's Abbey,
Wrentham, Mass.

Caffè Americano Tè
Caffè Espresso Latte
Sceita di Caffè Vari

PIRMA COLAZIONE

Succo di Arancio Succo di Pomodoro
Barchetta Anarese
Créissant Burrto di Carpiugna
Pasta Danese al Forriaggio
Pagnottella Francese
Marmellata di Sainne
Selsatich dei Trappisti
dell'Abbazia di San Giuseppe,
Spencer, Mass.

PELLICOLA

"A Little Romance"
con Laurence Olivier



PAPAL SUITE

SUITE OF HIS HOLINESS Pope John Paul II

HIS EMINENCE
Agustin Cardinal Casaroli

THEIR EXCELLENCIES
Archbishop Eduardo Martines
Archbishop Jean Jadot
Archbishop John R. Quinn

Bishop Jacque Martin
Bishop Thomas C. Kelly, O.P.
Bishop Paul C. Marcinkus

Monsignor Audrys Backis
Monsignor Virgio Noe
Monsignor Luigi Del Gallo
Monsignor Justin Rigali
Monsignor Taddeuscz Rakoczy

Father Jan Schotte
Father Romeo Panciroli
Father Stanislaw Dziwisz
Father John Magee
Father Roberto Tucci

Reverend Robert N. Lynch

GUESTS
Dr. Renato Buzzonetti
Dr. Mieczyslaw Wislocki
Prof. Valerio Volpini
Sg. Angelo Gugiel
Mr. Steve Falez
Sg. Alberto Goroni
Sg. G. Felici
Sg. Arturo Mari
Maj. R. Buchs
Sgt. P. Hasler
C. Cibir
L. Grassi

SHEPHERD I UNITED STATES VISIT

CREW
Captain Salvatore J. Fallucco, Jr.
First Officer Clarence Powell, Jr.
Flight Engineer Nelson L. Krueger

FLIGHT ATTENDANTS
Harold W. Crawford
Claudia Davey
Laura MacNaughton
Charles E. Simmons
Susan Stevenson
Judith A. Woodrich

SHEPHERD II UNITED STATES VISIT

CREW
Captain John D. Everly
First Officer Lawrence E. Earhart
Flight Engineer James M. Elkan

FLIGHT ATTENDANTS
Nancy Bush
Mary Feltes
Linda Gemmill
Pamela Riebandt
Tom Schweitzer
Wilma Shaw

SHEPHERD III UNITED STATES VISIT

CREW
Captain William J. Hillebrand
First Officer George M. Karamitis
Flight Engineer Andrew Bohutinsky

FLIGHT ATTENDANTS
Robin Decker
Suzie Diehl
Greg Fenderson
Barbara Healy
Carolyn Murphy
Mary-Pat Toland

SHEPHERD I WASHINGTON, D.C. TO ROME

CREW
Captain Richard G. Forristall
First Officer Peter G. Nevins
Flight Engineer Anthony V. Gatty

FLIGHT ATTENDANTS
Service Manager Rudolph Popolo
Purser Zygmunt Baczynski
Mary J. Bochrock
Jeannette Breznick
Kathleen Cribbs
Anna Delmolino
Rosemary Dente
Debra Francis
Diane Hubbert
Joliene Knapp
Mary Kron-Cissell
Jerilyn Nichol
Larry Potter
Judith Rold
Rose Sundmacker

TWA

Crew listed as Shepherd II should be Shepherd III and vice versa—Ed.

TWA FLIGHT OPERATIONS

To All Flight Operations Personnel:

The recent visit of Pope John Paul II was an event which will be long remembered by all of us. Whatever one's religious convictions, the positive aura surrounding the Pope and his visit must give one reason to reflect on all that is right and good in our world.

For the people of TWA, the fact that we were selected and privileged to carry His Holiness on the major part of his trip must be a source of great pride. The outstanding professionalism and dedication of everyone involved reaffirmed the fact that TWA is an airline of exceptional people who do their jobs exceptionally well. As it was so often stated by the people directly associated with the flights, "It was so great to see the way the whole company pulled together. Everything was magnificent!"

Special commendation is due the crewmembers of the "Shepherd" airplanes: Capt. Sal Falucco, F/O Clarence Powell and F/E Nelson Krueger on Shepherd I (Domestic); Capt. Dick Forristall, F/O Pete Nevins and F/E Tony Gatty on Shepherd I (International); Capt. Bill Hillebrand, F/O George Karamitis and F/E Andy Bohutinsky on Shepherd II; and Capt. John Everly, F/O Larry Earhart and F/E Jim Elkan on Shepherd III. Their leadership and professional conduct, both on and off the flights, were exemplary. Our thanks go out to all of you.

As we go into the final months of 1979, we are entering what is traditionally one of the toughest periods of the year. Our new Florida service will help alleviate some of these problems, but most important of all for our success will be our individual and collective attitudes. The Spirit of TWA, as demonstrated during Pope John Paul II's visit, is exactly the spirit which will insure our success.



J. E. Frankum
Vice President Flight Operations

A REMARKABLE CAREER; 50 YEARS WITH TWA

50 Year Employee Receives Pin

CAPT. WALLY MORAN, general manager, flying, awards First Officer Tony Gatty his pin, representing 50 years of dedicated service to TWA. Gatty is only the second TWA employee-and the second first officer-to have achieved 50 years of service.



Anthony V. (Tony) Gatty, 1920—2009, TWA 1939—1990 (see the November 2009 *TARPA TOPICS* for the obituary). The Above item is from the April 1990 *Skyliner*. The February 1990 issue of *Flite Times*, the JFK Flt. Ops. newsletter carried the following item:

TONY GATY COMPLETES 50TH YEAR OF SERVICE WITH TWA

JFK based F/E Tony Gatty was recently honored for his 50 years of service with TWA at a luncheon in New York hosted by Capt. Wally Moran, General Manager-Flying, Eastern Region, in recognition of an outstanding career.

Tony started with TWA at age 19, as an apprentice at Newark, New Jersey, on December 1, 1939; coincidentally, the same day LaGuardia Airport opened in Queens, New York.

Tony served as a Supervisor/instructor on the C-54 and Constellation from 1947 through 1959. He then became Manager-Flight Engineers at JFK. He also served for three years as Manager-Flight Engineers at TWA's corporate headquarters at 605 Third Ave. in New York City. After leaving 605, Tony returned to the B-747 as a F/E, which he still flies.

After five decades and over 26,500 hours of flying, Tony was also recognized for achieving perfect attendance with no history of sick leave.



Tony with his daughter, Janice, wife Marjorie and son Chris on his eightieth birthday in 2000.

Tony and his wife Majorie have their home in Huntington, Long Island, New York, and spend much of their winter in their condo in Florida. Majorie was originally a TWA Flight Attendant, hired in 1944, and had the distinction of being in the first international class of Hostesses at TWA. Our hat is off to Tony for his professionalism and life-long commitment to TWA. A job well done.

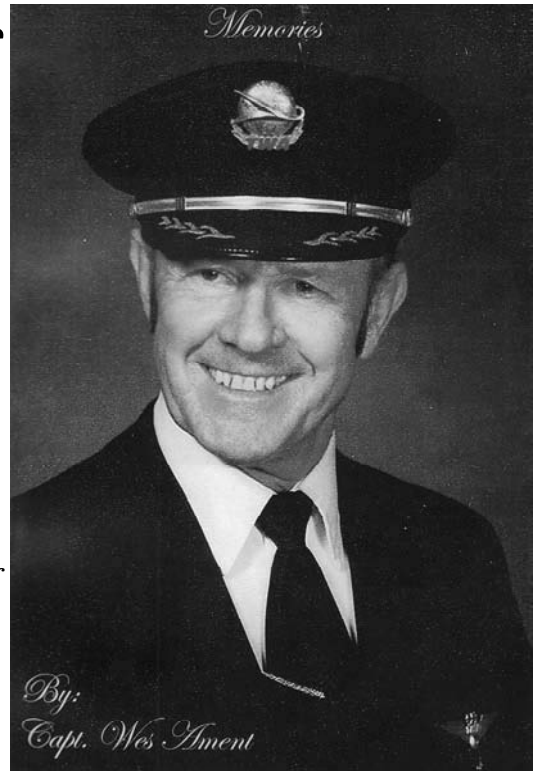
There was at least one other 'nine star two striper' (the A-1 F/Es got a star at the end of their first ten years and an additional star for each five thereafter). He was William C. Dunlop, 1922—1993, TWA 1939—1989. Bill Cottrell wrote that he remembered a *Skyliner* article that said, he (Dunlop) "...was allowed to design the 50 year service pin as there never had been one before."



EXCERPTS FROM *MEMORIES*

By Captain Wes Ament

Weston H. Ament was born July 12, 1921 in Sebastopol, Ca. and grew up in pre-WWII Los Angeles. He served in the U. S. Army Air Corps during the War and joined TWA on March 12, 1948. He retired at the, then mandatory, age of 60 in 1981. Wes had remarkable careers in the Military, with TWA, as a successful entrepreneur, aerobatic demonstration pilot and aircraft designer and builder. Wes is alive, well and active at 88, living in Calaveras County, Ca. (Mokelumne Hill). We are grateful to Wes for allowing us to print excerpts from his self published book, "Memories", which is dedicated to the memory of, "The many of my fellow 'Hump' pilots who, in the bloom of youth, gave up their lives in the cause of freedom, flying in airplanes marginally equipped for high altitude flying over the most forbidding terrain on the planet. Mountains well over twenty three thousand feet high lay within a few miles of the route. They flew in the worst imaginable weather day and night with a dearth of primitive navigation aids, relying mostly on dead reckoning for navigation. Though unarmed, enemy attack was both probable and expected. They were the only source of supply to General Chiang Kai-shek and his Chinese Nationalist army fighting off the invading Japanese. Today they are little remembered but their contribution to the ultimate defeat of the Japanese is legend." - Ed



PRE-WAR LOS ANGELES

My dad sometimes took me walking up to the top of the hill above the Hollywoodland [later Hollywood] sign. There was a parking lot overlooking the Los Angeles basin. In 1926/27 it was mostly an open prairie with vast truck farms disbursed throughout. To the east were great citrus groves. Dotted over the basin were the nuclei of many small towns, Inglewood, Lennox, Hawthorne, Torrance, Southgate, Downey and on and on, all destined to expand into a solid mass of houses, industry and people. Just to the east of Inglewood was a marshy area fed by springs. A few years later we used to ride our horses in the area and fish for crawdads in the pond. The pond is now the lake in the center of Hollywood Race Track. Downtown Los Angeles was dominated by the City Hall, the tallest building in town. Now you have to know where to look for it to pick it out among the surrounding buildings. To the west were the beach towns of El Segundo, Redondo, Venice, Santa Monica and Malibu, all separated by beautiful beachfront overlooking the ocean.



Mines Field, (Now LAX) was a dirt strip alongside a small hangar. The busiest of the small airports that dotted the basin was Clover Field in Santa Monica where Donald Douglas was manufacturing wood and fabric airplanes for the Military. His airplanes gained notoriety when a flight of three large biplanes circumnavigated the globe in 1924. Douglas added "First Around the World" to its logo. The Airline terminus was located at Grand Central Air terminal in Glendale where Cal. Tech. was pioneering new concepts in Aeronautical Engineering. Being ringed on three sides by majestic mountains and the ocean on the

other, the L.A. basin was subject to trapped haze and subsequent fog but many days were crystal clear and most days Catalina Island could be seen 26 miles across the Pacific to the west. There was one exception to the pollution situation. In winter, when frost threatened the citrus groves, the growers used "smudge pots" to insulate the trees from a frost bite.

During these times a pall of black smoke would blanket the entire basin reducing visibilities to fractions of a mile and a mantle of black soot would settle on everything exposed to the elements; a harbinger of things to come. Many oil wells dotted the area most prominently near Long Beach where Signal Hill bristled with the rigs. Standard Oil built a refinery in El Segundo to process their products. El Segundo also held the dubious honor of being the site where civilization dumped its raw sewage into the Pacific. There were only a few arteries traversing the area most of which ran N/S & E/W. Atlantic Ave ran from Pasadena south to Long Beach. Wilshire Boulevard from Santa Monica to points east. L. A., at that time, had one of the best rapid transit systems in the country with big electric trolleys running from Pasadena to Long Beach and the beach towns to Riverside and San Bernardino all fed by smaller trolleys throughout the area. These were lobbied out by the oil companies in favor of the vast Freeway system after WWII.

At the end of 1927 my folks bought a large home in Beverly Hills from Silent film star Jack Mulhall. He appeared in more than a hundred movies from 1910 to 1977. He died in 1979. The house was a ten-room mansion with a tennis court in the back. 1728 Chevy Chase Dr. It was across the street from racing legend Barney Oldfield and down the street from the Estate of Western Idol Tom Mix. As in Hollywood, Beverly Hills still had more open land than houses. I was enrolled in the second grade and can remember writing 1928 on school papers. I can remember the teacher stating during class that there was enough energy in a teaspoon of water to drive an ocean liner across the ocean. This occupied a special place in my memory bank and I would spend many hours pondering it through the years. Now realizing that a fission bomb only liberates 2% of the available energy I appreciate what a profound statement was laid on me at the age of seven. I often wonder if that 2nd grade teacher was that astute a physicist or simply passing something on she had heard. $E=mc^2$ was barely 20 years old at the time.

To the rear of our tennis court a hill rose to a height of several hundred feet providing a panoramic view of the surrounding terrain. I spent a lot of time up there. The airplanes from Mines and Clover fields to the west regularly flew over the area. I remember seeing the spec of a helmeted head protruding from the cockpit as they would turn over head. It transformed the vision from an inanimate object to a living dynamic being. I realized that the man sitting inside had become a part of the machine, commanding it to do his bidding. I knew from there that someday that would be me up there but it was still seven or eight years away.

My dad took me to an air show at Clover field where the army was putting on a demonstration in the exciting biplane fighter, the Boeing P-12. One of the pilots crashed in a ball of fire trying to do an outside loop close to the ground. I can remember my dad turning as white as a sheet. He later told me when I was learning to fly that he would do everything he could to keep me from flying as long as he lived. I am sure that resolution dated back to the fatal crash at Clover Field. He was convinced that everyone that flew airplanes was eventually killed. Luckily I was able to convince him otherwise in later years and he eventually flew with me on numerous occasions. He did insist that if I was to continue flying that I have the best training available at the time. That decision did indeed save my life on numerous occasions.

Hardy Street was only a short distance from Mines Field. When the 1933 air races were held there the race planes and others would fly directly over the house practicing, qualifying, and testing. I was of course electrified with the activity. I was allowed to attend and mentally dedicated the rest of my life to

aviation. I met some of the race pilots I would later come to know very well. I watched The German Ace, Ernst Udet, fly his Bucher Jungmeister in as skillful an aerobatic demonstration as anyone ever witnessed. Jimmy Doolittle became one of my Idols and I even got to touch some of these amazing machines.

COMING OF AGE

... I finally had the opportunity to get my hands on a real airplane. One of the bakers that worked at [his father's wholesale] bakery was an experienced pilot. After finishing at the bakery each day he would flight instruct, [hop] passengers, etc. at the Seal Beach Airport. His name was Jesse (Chick) Young. He took me for my first airplane ride in an open cockpit Spartan bi-plane and the die was cast. Every spare hour and dime I could garner went into flying lessons.

I managed to solo before my dad found out what I was doing and put a stop to the Seal Beach chapter of my training. I continued to fly when I could at Long Beach Airport and my Dad finally decided this was the avenue I was going to pursue regardless of what it took. He arranged for me to attend Boeing School of Aeronautics owned and operated by United Airlines. The curriculum was very demanding but successful completion of the 24-month course virtually guaranteed a job as a First Officer on United Airlines.

I had three months to bone up for the entrance exams which I did with the help of my brother, Roger. I went through the Airline Pilot and Engineering course with a straight "A" average. United had experienced a lot of trouble trying to qualify the old stick and rudder airmail pilots for instrument flying resulting in termination of many of these grand old pilots. As a result all new flight students were given ten hours in the Link Trainer before we were allowed in an airplane.

At this point a few words about the Link Trainer will be helpful. The Link Trainer was the first device to simulate flight and blazed the way for all future simulator training devices.

Ed Link was born in the early years of the twentieth century. Powered flight was in it's infancy following the Wright Brothers 1903 flight at Kitty Hawk NC. Ed grew up in the family business manufacturing bellows and the pneumatic equipment used in Pipe organs. They also manufactured pianos. Ed had a compelling interest in the burgeoning aviation industry. He spent most of his spare time and money learning to fly. The high cost of airplanes and instruction made him turn his attention to developing a cheaper method of gaining flying skills.

His knowledge of pneumatics dictated his choice of power. In 1927 he set about building a small air-



Link Trainer

plane replica mounted on a universal joint allowing it free movement in pitch and roll. An electric motor added 360 degree movement in the yaw axis. A set of flight controls, state of the art configuration, were added and set up to allow the machine movement about the three axes in response to control input. Further tweaking and adjusting resulted in a reasonable simulation of actual flight. He added state of the art instruments for instrument flight or blind flying as it was called in those days. This took place in 1929. He and his brother set up a training school at the plant and advertised a flight course for \$85.00. This went quite well for them until the Stock Market crash, after which there was little money left for private flying.

In 1933 a break came along when the military became interested in instrument flying. The government had canceled all civilian mail contracts and turned all air mail over to the Army. Unfortunately, this action coincided with a period of bad weather and the army pilots suffered twelve fatalities in one week. That was the end of the army flying the mail but they saw the need for instrument flight capabilities.

They set up a meeting with Link to meet them at a local airport. The weather was pretty sloppy and they were about to leave when they heard an airplane engine. The airplane landed and Ed climbed out. This was the first instrument approach. As a result they ordered six trainers at \$3,500 each. [About \$58,000 in 2009 dollars-Ed.] Further orders followed and the trainers became more sophisticated as instrument technology advanced. Thus was born the age of flight simulation. Through the ensuing years many mergers and acquisitions took place with such names as Howard Hughes, Ratheon, and ultimately L-3 Communications Link Simulation and Training. They can proudly trace their roots back to 1927.

I spent many hours in the blue box through the years. The later models had a device we called a bug that moved over a chart on the operator's desk scribing the track of the trainer on the appropriate map. One night on a late simulator period I fell asleep in the trainer at the same time the operator went out for a cup of coffee. He came back just in time to catch the bug as it went off the edge of the desk.

The airplanes we used were vintage Boeings designed as a fighter but when they were not accepted by the Air Corps they were equipped with a smaller engine and sent to Boeing School as trainers. By the time I was ready for my Commercial License they were supplemented with the Waco UPF-7, a plane also rejected by the Air Corps but a neat airplane to fly nonetheless. I took my Commercial flight test in the Waco, most of which was conducted with the Inspector observing from the ground. The written exam in those days was an essay type exam and usually took most of a day writing the answers out in long hand. I remember an occasion when I was bleary eyed from studying most of the night. This was noticed by the Dean. I told him I had not had a lot of sleep the night before. He was an old Scotsman by the name of Herby Marsh. He said with a chuckle, "Well laddy yer not here for yer health ye know." How true that was.



Boeing 203D (left) and Waco UPF7

from the author's collection

In the fall of 1941 I had graduated from Boeing School of aeronautics and was set up for a promising career flying for United Airlines. At 20 years of age I required a waiver to fly the mail. Also at this tender age I was likely to be at the top of the seniority list for many years. This future was not to be however.

THE WAR YEARS

December 7, 1941! The world turned upside down. I took a break and went to Long Beach to visit with my parents. A day or two into my visit I heard that the Army was hiring civilian ferry pilots to ferry new war birds to where they were needed. I drove to the airport out of curiosity to see what it was all about. Shortly after arriving at the Air Base I found myself in a Canadian "Harvard," a Canadian version of the AT-6 advanced trainer, taking a check ride with an Army lieutenant named Livingston. I was hired on the spot at a salary of \$300.00/mo. \$100.00 more than my United salary. I was issued all the necessary flying gear and added to the pilot roster. My life had suddenly taken a new course and my priceless United seniority forever gone as I had accepted another Civilian job.

My first trip was delivering a BT-13 Vultee basic trainer to Montgomery Alabama. The trip was demanding with the winter weather but completed without any serious difficulties. On my return to Long Beach I had enough of a break to meet my fellow pilots, many of whom were to become lifelong friends. One of these was a dashing fellow by the name of Jimmy Douglass. Jim is still a big part of my life today. Jim had just recently been hired and had yet to make a trip. We were assigned together with a dozen or so other pilots to deliver more BT-13s to Enid Oklahoma. Since I was the only one of the group that had made a trip I was assigned the duty of being the flight leader.

The group of pilots was as varied a group of aviators that ever existed anywhere, ranging in age from my tender age of 20 to men in their fifties.

Ex-airline pilots, instructors, airport bums, flying circus performers and every other facet of flying imaginable. They included names like Douglas Corrigan, (wrong way Corrigan), Barry Goldwater, Joe E. Brown Jr., as well as many other Hollywood types.



BT-13

both from the author's collection



Jim Douglass, 1942

The trip to Enid was probably the most memorable of Jim's war stories, told a thousand times. I will try to relate it as he tells it. I know he considered it the high point of his entire military career.

We were all loaded into a bus at Long Beach and driven to the Vultee Factory in Downey. It took a couple of hours to get my group all matched up with their airplanes, do the cockpit checks, get them airborne and all headed in the same direction. I had orders to take the flight to March Field for flight physical exams. We were met by medical personnel and herded into the infirmary. What we didn't know was that we were chosen to be guinea pigs for a new procedure. We were lined up for our shots which [were to be administered by] a couple of GI's with a gadget that looked very much like a grease gun. The vaccines had been combined into a witches brew to be administered in one shot.

The prospect was too much for poor little Doug Corrigan, he fainted dead away about three bodies away from the grease gun and was excused from further discomfort and subsequently disqualified for

military service. He spent the rest of the war with Douglas Aircraft in Long Beach as a Production Test Pilot. Another of the group had a nasty cough and was diagnosed with TB. He was told to hurry and deliver his aircraft then report to a TB sanitarium.

The rest of us finally got in the air again with just an hour or so of daylight left. I decided to take [the planes] to Palm Springs for the night, planning to depart early the next morning to resume our flight. We were not authorized to fly night or instruments. I got them all safely tucked in and sent my RON, (remaining overnight), telegram to Long Beach Headquarters. That brief overnight turned out to be the better part of a week while we recovered from all the terrible diseases for which we had been immunized.

We finally departed from Palm Springs, CA with our first stop to be Winslow Arizona. I manage to herd them all safely on this leg. After refueling our next stop was Albuquerque, NM. As we passed Zuni Pueblo and topped the continental divide one of the group called me and said he was having engine trouble. I put Jim in command of the flight and escorted the ailing bird back to El Moro, an emergency field where he could get a crew out to check his airplane. After seeing him safely on the ground I proceeded on to ABQ on my own. After crossing the divide I could see the weather deteriorating rapidly in the ABQ area. I arrived over the airport in a blinding snowstorm.

The rest of the story as told by Jim: "We were all getting quite worried waiting for Wes then we heard his engine over the airport. We could hear him circle and land but the ground visibility was near zero so they sent a Jeep out to lead him in. The Jeep got lost but soon Wes taxied into the ramp, his head hanging over the side of the cockpit with his hair full of snow, (he had hair then), we never heard what happened to the Jeep."

The next morning the weather had cleared and we got an early start planning to make Enid before nightfall. By the time we got to Oklahoma City it was getting quite late so we decided to RON, (remain overnight), and make the easy hop to Enid the next morning. After arriving at Enid we assigned the airplanes to the base and I set out to arrange transportation home. I got bus tickets for everyone and we left the bus station in the afternoon for Oklahoma City.

One in our group was an old timer with a gimpy leg by the name of Scotty Bermuda. He happened to take a seat next to an attractive young lady and immediately struck up a conversation with her. About half way through the trip the bus made a rest stop at a small town. Most of us got out to stretch our legs but Scotty and the young woman were still engrossed in their conversation; after the driver called everyone back on board he started counting heads. He counted twice and then announced that he had one too many passengers. Still no response so he said it again louder, by this time he was losing his patience and said there is someone on here that doesn't belong, in a very loud voice. The young woman got up with a start, saying, "Oh this is my stop," and hurriedly got her things and got off. I don't know what he was saying to her, but he certainly had her attention.

At the Hotel in Oklahoma City they billeted us all on the same floor. One of the other pilots was a close buddy of Scotty. His name was Maury Judge. He promptly set up court outside his room with a table and chair and a bottle. He announced that everyone had to see the judge before they turned in for the night. After everyone had enjoyed their libation, Maury went in his room and took a shower. He remembered in the shower that the furniture was still in the hall. As he stepped out to retrieve it in his birthday suit the door slammed behind him. The next thing we knew, not remembering which room Scotty was in, he was running up and down the hall knocking on all the doors shouting, "Scotty for gods sake Scotty open the door!"

The following morning, Jim and I got in the elevator to go down and have a bite of breakfast. The girl operating the elevator took Jim's eye right off the bat. Jim said she was recklessly operating the eleva-

tor so we had her take us back up and we put on our parachutes. Then we found conditions conducive to static discharges so he started sparking her derriere with her squealing appropriately. When we got to the lobby and she opened the door we were face to face with a two star general. She demonstrated her instant reflexes closing the door in his face and taking us to the penthouse. As we stepped out of the elevator we walked slap into a morning talk show radio station. The host never missed a beat and acted like we were a regular part of the program, conducting an interview just as if it had been planned all along.

We managed to get to the airline and get home without being thrown in jail or lynched and wondering what the rest of the war might hold for us. Sadly Jim passed away last year [2005] at the age of 90.



I continued to fly out of Long Beach to various destinations like Montreal, Dallas and others until April, 1942. I was assigned to attend a B-24 school run by TWA in Albuquerque which was a month of training. After returning to L/B I was assigned temporary duty in St. Paul, MN flying B-24's, modified for North Africa, to Lakeland, FL. This TDY lasted a month after which I again found myself in L/B. I checked out and made trips in a number of different war-birds until July when we were assigned to nine days of officer training in preparation for being commissioned as Second Lieutenants in the Army Air corps. The instructor teaching navigation

in the school was making so many mistakes teaching with me correcting him that the next day I found myself teaching the class. I spent the rest of the nine days as teacher/student.

I was commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant shortly after my 21st birthday and continued flying out of L/B until October. One of the aircraft I made several trips in was in the Douglas Dauntless SBD Dive Bomber. It was the main aircraft involved in the battle of Midway which was the turning point in the Pacific War. I was delivering one of the aircraft to a Navy base in Waycross, GA and letting down at night with the city lights ahead of me. An aircraft ahead of me was doing the same thing and his lights blended into the sea of lights of the town so I didn't realize he was there until I saw the blue flames from his exhaust less than a hundred feet above me. Such incidents were not uncommon and ultimately were corrected by the development of blinking nav lights, anti collision beacons and strobes.



In October, 1942, I was again assigned to take overseas training in a school in St Joseph, MO. Upon completion of this training I was assigned to the 4th Ferry Group in Nashville, TN. Upon arrival, after checking in at the BOQ, I reported to my squadron. The Operations Officer was a first lieutenant by the name of Swanson. He put his arm around my shoulder and walked me to the door. He said "see that funny looking airplane over there". I said, "Yea what the hell is it?" He said it was a Martin Baltimore. We call it an A-30. He then said you better go on out and fly it around a little because tomorrow morning you are leaving in it to take it to Africa. I took my radio operator out and after looking it over good we climbed into it.



The British take pleasure in placing everything in their airplanes so it is as difficult as possible to operate. The reason I took the radio operator was because I could not operate the radio from the cockpit. I

had to communicate with the R/O by means of a clothesline system of passing notes to each other. Nashville in those days was polluted with coal smoke all winter long with typical visibilities of a mile or less. I lit up the engines. The airplane was relatively small with two 2000 HP engines on the wings. It also had a 1000 gallon fuel tank faired into the bomb bay with something similar to duct tape. Taxiing a few times up and down the taxiways I decided to make a high speed run down the runway to feel it out. I got onto the runway and started my high speed run. The next thing I knew I was in the air. By the time I got the gear up and the cockpit cleaned up for flight, I looked out and realized that I had no idea where I was. I couldn't tune the radio and I realized that I didn't have anything to write with or write on. I finally realized that I did have a call button that illuminated a green light at my station and that of the radio operator. I sent him a message in Morse code instructing him to tune in the Nashville Radio Range so I could orient myself.

The means for orientation in those days was to take up a bisector heading, (midway between the legs, or beams as they were sometimes called.), Then you waited for the signal to build or fade indicating whether you were going toward or away from the station. I selected the bisector heading that I thought would take me toward the station and listened for a build up of the signal. The signal was getting weaker. I can't be that disorientated I thought, and checked it again. Sure enough I was going away from the station. I then turned around and finished the orientation procedure I had done so many times at Boeing School and flew back to the airport and landed.

The next morning my navigator, (Gene Du Boise), radio operator (Al Collaruso) and I took off for West Palm Beach, FL. A week or so later we landed at Accra British West Africa, having stopped at Borinquen Field Puerto Rico, Georgetown British Guiana, Belem Brazil, Natal Brazil, and Ascension Island in the middle of the South Atlantic and on to Accra. The belly tank had no baffles. The only thing the army fuel crew knew was to fill everything they could get the top off of. As a result there was always a couple of hundred gallons left in the belly tank on landing. With no baffles the gas would slosh back and forth making the landing very difficult. I felt for poor Gene sitting up there in the glass nose. But bless his heart he never complained.

That was the only trip I made out of Nashville. When I returned our entire group was transferred to Memphis, TN. January, 1943 was one of the coldest on record for Memphis. I reported to my squadron and was again greeted by Lt. Swanson. I immediately spotted a very pretty young lady behind a barrier reef provided by her self appointed guardian. Major Werner O. Bunge was the XO and had taken it upon himself to protect the honor of all the ladies in his domain. We grew to be good friends. Werner was a fitness buff. On trips he would gather all the bags of his crew and double time it to the barracks, from there he would jog a couple of laps around the base before eating and turning in.

Under the major's watchful eye I cautiously approached the pretty lady behind the barrier and struck up a conversation. Bettye Freeman was 19 years old and had lived in Memphis all her life except for taking a couple of months off to be born in El Dorado, AK. We agreed that it would be a pretty good idea if I met her at her home and we take in a movie. I was walking down Court Street looking for #1312 in the dark when I heard a voice from across the street. "Aah you who aah think you aah". I said, "I sure hope so." She led me to her home where I met the second love of my life, Geraldine Freeman, she looked me over with a critical eye thoroughly convinced that I was too old for her little girl and had false teeth to boot. Daddy Eugene and brother Campbell also had a cautious appraisal of this tall uniformed First Lieutenant man of the world, humph! Things gradually warmed up as we chatted and in due time were approved to take the bus on down to the movie.

The movie was "The Black Swan" starring Tyrone Power. We had a great time. It was quite late when we got back to the house and the busses had quit running for the night. Geraldine fixed me up a bed in the living room in front of the open coal fireplace. The bathroom was out in the freezing hall and up a

flight of stairs. We rode together back to the base the next morning and started a relationship that would last the rest of our lives, though I don't think we realized it at the time.



Wes in C-87, 1943

Because of my previous four engine experience, Lt. Swanson assigned me orders to deliver a C-87, (passenger version of the B-24), to the Assam Valley in the northeast corner of Bengal for duty on the "hump". I was to leave on the sixth of January but due to the cold we had trouble starting the engines and had to preheat them with ground heaters. By the time we got it running and ready to go it was dark. I elected to go anyway and this time with my full crew. In addition to navigator and radio operator were Ralph Martin, copilot, and Sgt. Smith, (I forget his first name, we called him Smitty), flight engineer, five of us total. I set the

course again for West Palm Beach. The weather was clear albeit cold and we snuggled into our winter flying gear for the long night. As the lights of Jacksonville, FL came into sight, the #3 engine started acting a little cranky. I woke Smitty. We then noticed the #3 fuel pressure getting erratic. I headed for the Jacksonville airport and started descent for a precautionary landing. Still some distance from the airport #3 stopped producing power and #2 started acting up. I ordered Ralph to feather #3 and soon followed with #2 as it lost power. I started circling at 1500' as we attempted to crank down the landing gear. The only hydraulic pump was on the #3 engine so we had no hydraulic pressure to extend the gear or flaps. The mechanical override was obviously not working and to add to the fun #1 and #4 quit almost simultaneously. I ordered Ralph to feather #1, #2, & #4 and un-feather #3 to get it wind milling enough to produce hydraulic pressure. I heard the gear pop loose and start down as I started my dead stick approach to the runway. I had to make a 270 degree turn from 1500' to make the runway. It looked like I was going to make it. I flipped on the landing lights, nothing! I rolled out of the turn and flared, the radio operator said the red light on the windsock went by his window on the left side just before we touched down. I had just enough speed left to turn off of the runway where we sat in dead silence. We had two GI hitchhikers on board. I never saw them after we landed, they may still be running.

An inspection of the aircraft the next day revealed that someone had installed one of the flex lines in the fuel system that was made of rubber instead of neoprene. Rubber is not compatible with aromatic fuel and gradually swelled shut during the flight from Memphis to Jacksonville. Also, all the pulleys in the emergency gear extension system had broken loose from their mountings. Sabotage?

After the glitches were repaired, we resumed our trip. The flights from JAX to West Palm and on to Puerto Rico were routine. Our next stop was Trinidad. We picked up another hitch hiker at BQN. A young major who was a dentist going overseas for duty. Also, the cabin was packed with cargo tied down with rope netting leaving only a narrow aisle down the middle. We had another mechanical malfunction on this leg and I had to shut down #4 engine. Heavy with the cargo I had to let the airplane drift down to a few hundred feet above the waves. Al radioed Trinidad that we would need to make our approach over the water around the end of the island rather than over the hills as the normal arrival dictated.

The poor dentist was near panic by this time and was running up and down the aisle bemoaning his fate. I really didn't need this. The situation soon took care of itself for me. As he tore up and down the aisle the rip cord on his Mae West caught in the rope netting inflating the Mae West life jacket and pinning him in the aisle. Smitty came up to give me a heads up on the situation asking me if he should cut him loose. I told him "no go pull the other one and keep him out of our hair." As we approached over the harbor, the guns on all the naval vessels anchored there carefully tracked us throughout our approach. Needless to say we landed safely again.

Jim was on the base in Trinidad waiting for parts for his airplane. He was still there on my next trip overseas. More on that later. He said it was pretty exciting on the ground as we approached for our landing, with fire trucks and crash equipment scurrying around, air raid sirens going off and general mayhem. But as I said the landing was uneventful and we were most interested in having a beer and something to eat. I don't remember exactly what the problem with our engine was except that they repaired it and we were not delayed beyond our normal layover.



We had two more non routine landings en route to our destination but after we got to Africa we pretty well had shaken out all the bugs and the legs to Madugrui, Khartoum, Aden, Karachi, Agra and finally Chabua Assam were routine. I signed over the airplane and we headed home. While we were in Agra, we visited the Taj Mahal. It was in the middle of a restoration project. The entire dome was adorned with rickety bamboo scaffolding. Squatted next to the reflecting pool was an artisan cutting a marble block to the desired dimensions. The remarkable thing about this was the tools he was using. They consisted of a length of piano wire stretched across a bow similar to an archer's bow, a pail of sand and a pail of water. He was sawing away periodically sprinkling sand into the cut along with a splash of water. It was mind boggling to realize that this magnificent world wonder had been built using such primitive practices.

I was only in Memphis a few days, all of which Bettye and I dated, and was on my way back to North Africa in a B-25. On arriving at Trinidad, this time routine, except for misinterpreting the tower instructions to, "Follow the 'Follow Me' jeep to parking." The Jeep I tagged onto was the wrong one. They were going to lunch so I taxied the B-25 right up to the mess hall.

Poor Jim was still there fuming mad. Not only had his parts not arrived, they were robbing parts off his bird to keep others going. He finally stormed into the CO's office threatening mayhem if he didn't do something. The Colonel was a patient sort and suggested Jim write a letter to Washington to air his grievances. Jim wrote a couple of pages of blasphemy and presented it to the Colonel. The Col. said "lets sit down and go over this together." Taking it diplomatically apart and omitting passages. The way Jim tells it, the only thing left in the letter was "I am in Trinidad." Jim encountered the Col. later on at Ascension Is. Again, more on that later. While we were in Trinidad, we heard that my ex copilot, Ralph Martin, had been forced to ditch his P-38 in the Caribbean. He had spent nine days in a one man life raft and was recuperating there in the hospital. We went over and visited with him. He had the worst sunburn I ever saw.

My next trip was in a Martin B-26 fondly called the "Widow Maker". Actually, I really liked the airplane and always looked forward to flying it. Jim was to follow me over to North Africa. He was alone in a Lockheed P-38. This trip we over flew Trinidad and landed at Georgetown in British Guiana. He tagged along on my wing to Belem and Natal. We always left Natal in the middle of the night to avoid a German Sub that lay off the coast and took pot shots at us as we went by. This particular night Jim took off first and circled waiting for me to get airborne. I took off into the black abyss and called for gear up. The green lights went off but the red in transit light remained on. I tried recycling the gear and this time it wouldn't go down or up. I reported the malfunction to the tower and we continued to try to

trouble shoot the problem. Jim heard all this and continued to circle listening to the chatter. His recollection, "The tower kept calling Wes asking, 'What are your intentions.'" "Wes finally answered in an exasperated voice, 'I'll let you know what my intentions are as soon as the gear lets me know its intentions.'" "

The Tower told Jim to takeoff after the B-25 that had departed ahead of us and follow him to Ascension. Jim never saw the airplane until they were on final approach at the Island. He just dead reckoned all the way out there until he could pick up the low frequency homing beacon. After he landed the Col. from Trinidad met him. He said "Get yourself something to eat and get the hell off of my island, so Jim had his powdered eggs and spam and headed for Africa, again all by his lonesome figuring, "what the hell I guess if I could find Ascension I can't miss Africa." As he approached his landfall off Liberia he saw what he thought was a fishing boat ahead and decided to buzz it and give them a thrill. When he got close enough to identify, it was too late to turn away. It was a German sub. He went ahead and flew over it acting like he didn't see it and flew by with the German crew diving off the deck in all directions. He reported it when he landed and they said, "Oh yeah he's been sitting out there for a week, we haven't been able to get him."

I was finally able to extend the gear manually and landed at Natal. They had another B-26 that had just been repaired on the field so I traded them and took off that night for the balance of my trip. They pulled me off the airplane on the return trip and I took the original B-26 on to North Africa.



I continued flying War birds across the South Atlantic B26, B-25, C-46 etc. until April when Bettye & I decided to get married. By this time Grandma had more or less accepted me. We were married on Friday the thirteenth 1943 and they said it would never last.

(Correction: Our wedding was not on Friday it was Tuesday Apr. 13 1943. Our thirteenth anniversary was on Friday the thirteenth. We were in Bahia De Palmas and took Bob and Lorraine Cesnik with us and flew over to Puerto Vallarta on the main land for lunch. Mom corrected me on the day and I verified it on the Internet.)

I continued to fly the north and south Atlantic throughout the summer months and into the fall. We lived in several different apartments and duplexes during this time. The first one I wore out our welcome when I shot the glass ball off of a lamp after cleaning my GI .45. I didn't realize there was a round in the chamber. The next place the landlady lived next door counted the number of times we flushed the toilet during the night and thought it was too many so we moved again. The next place we broke the bed and so on and on. We had some very interesting landladies during that time and later in Reno.

I won't attempt to detail all the flights as they were mostly routine. I will touch on some of the highlights. On one trip flying a B-24 to India, we took off from West Palm in the middle of the night. One of the other B-24's flown by a Lt. Ulmer forgot to close down his cowl flaps after takeoff. After reaching cruising altitude the buffeting became quite severe due to the disturbed airflow so he headed back to the coast thinking the airplane was coming apart. He and his crew bailed out. The airplane continued flying across the Gulf of Mexico finally crashing in Sonora Mexico. He had a lot of explaining to do. On the same trip we landed at Aden in Yemen for fuel. The fuel there had become contaminated and we didn't have enough to make it to Karachi. We found that there was a cache of fuel on Mesirah Is. off the toe of the Arabian Boot so we pressed on. When we landed, we found out that they had fuel all-

right but it was all in five gallon cans. They poured 800 gallons of fuel into the tanks by passing the cans up to a man on top of the wing and pouring it through a chamois. It took the rest of the day so we spent the night. I went hunting for the local wild dogs that night with my .22, which I always carried with me.

I was sitting in the Officers Club in Georgetown having a Rum & Coke when we heard the crash sirens go off. We rushed out to the runway to see what was up. An A-20 was approaching the runway with the right engine feathered. He was obviously coming in too high and too fast. When he tried to go around for another approach, we all crossed our fingers. It didn't work. As he applied full power to the good engine, he lost control of the airplane. It rolled over and crashed at the end of the runway. We all rushed to try to get him out but the airplane burst into flames. I saw his arm go up to open the canopy as the flames engulfed the cockpit. His arm froze in mid motion as he was incinerated. I doubled the Rum in the Coke.

The next day there were weather reports that the inter-tropical front was acting up and they were trying to decide whether to dispatch flights to Belem. As I had been over the route many times, it was decided that I would go ahead to evaluate the weather. They were right about the weather being bad. I have never before or since seen rain that heavy. As I crossed the mouth of the Amazon and the equator the rain came down in such torrents that it slowed our airspeed 20 knots. It was like flying under water. I couldn't imagine how the engines continued to run, but they did. I radioed to hold the flights and sent the same message upon landing at Belem. I guess they didn't get them in time as they dispatched a flight of B-25's. These were recent trainees flying their own airplanes to the combat zone in North Africa. Three of the flights were lost that night.

On approach to Ascension on one flight we spotted a life raft some miles west of the Island. We reported it. After landing we asked about the disposition. They said the crash boat was on the other side of the Island unloading supplies, (Beer), and that they would go out after it in the morning. The next morning the life raft and its occupants were gone, never to be seen again.

I made a couple of trips across the North Atlantic. I picked up a B-26 at the Martin factory to take to North Africa. My first stop was Presque Isle Maine. The next stop was an interesting challenge. Thirty or so miles up a fjord on the southwest coast of Greenland was a British outpost they called Blui West 1. The approach briefing was as follows: enter the fjord proceeding northeast watching for a fork turning eastward with a sunken ship at its entrance. Don't go there, it is a dead end and there is no room to turn around. As you approach the outpost, the runway is a steel mat runway at the foot of the glacier. It has a 6% grade toward the glacier. A go around is not possible over the glacier so you must land on the first pass. Takeoffs are downhill in the opposite direction from landing. There is not enough room in the inlet to maneuver.

We spent the night listening to the calving of icebergs off the face of the glaciers. It sounds like a war zone. The next stop was Reykjavik, Iceland, then on to Prestwick, Scotland. We spent the night and to this day my recollection of being in England and Scotland is that I was always cold and always hungry. Next was St. Mawgan near Lands End on the southwest tip of the British Island. We were housed in a hostel where we were treated by the people like royalty. Our route from there to Marrakech Morocco was to skirt the coasts of occupied France, Spain and Portugal, west of the Strait of Gibraltar to Marrakech. As we passed off Brest France, I saw an aircraft headed our way. I soon identified it as a German Junkers JU-88. I didn't feel he was out there for a friendly greeting so I put the nose down, poured on the coal and said "let's see how fast this old bucket will go." He never even got close to us.

Another North Atlantic adventure was experienced by one of my fellow pilots from Long Beach. His name was Monte Verde. He and his crew were flying over the ice cap of Greenland in a B-17. It is

nearly impossible in these conditions to discern a horizon. They were flying toward Iceland when the airspeed started rapidly decreasing. The next thing they knew they were sitting stationary in a field of white saying "wha happened?" Six months later they were finally rescued by a team of climbers. One of the crew was lost trying to venture away from the aircraft and falling into a crevasse. One rescue team was lost also. They were kept alive with air drops. Of course helicopters were yet to be perfected. Monte said that when they first crashed he could see nothing but white in any direction. When they were finally rescued, they could see the ocean. The Glacier had moved that far in the six months they had been there.

One day when I walked into Operations my old friend Captain Swanson, we were both captains by this time, handed me a set of orders to deliver a B-17 to Prestwick, Scotland. I'm not qualified in a B-17, I told him, and I have never been in one. He just grinned and said "fly it around until you are comfortable, you won't have any trouble." I said "OK. It's not my airplane" and headed on out to Salina, Kansas. My copilot had never been in one either so, blind leading the blind, we spent a half a day going over the tech orders and climbed into the old bird. We sat in the cockpit until we had familiarized ourselves with where everything was then fired it up. I taxied around a little, said "what the hell" and took off. We flew around a little, made a couple of landings and agreed that it was a piece of cake. We took off the next day for Presque Isle. We flew non stop to Prestwick. That was the first and last time I ever flew a B-17.

On one trip I was on my way to Cairo in a B-25. I landed at a small town called El Fasher in what is now Chad. I parked the airplane, slid open the side window and started filling out the Form 1. The next thing I knew a camouflaged nose appeared in the window. I said "hello" and scratched the nose. I climbed out of the bird again greeted by a full-grown giraffe. The base personnel said he was the base mascot. They told me to hold my hands above my head. I did so and he put his head down to me. I clasped my hands behind his ears and he swung me gently onto his back. He gave me a tour of the base. Animals are great.

My next stop was Khartoum in Sudan. At that time it was a British Protectorate in concert with the Sudanese Government. While en route, a desert sandstorm (called a Harmattan) kicked up. By the time I got over the airport the visibility was reduced to a quarter mile or less and I could only pick out the runway from directly overhead. There was no alternate within range with my remaining fuel. I had the tower key the microphone and count to create a signal to home on. I made a couple of patterns at pattern altitude until I could put myself over the runway by flying timed legs around the pattern. On the last one I let down hoping I would see the runway in time to flare and land. I almost timed it right. I saw the ground just as I hit it. I bounced over the fence onto the runway and completed the landing with everything intact. I have always said I would rather be lucky than good anytime. The storm blew itself out in a couple of days and we went on to Cairo. We took time to visit the Valley of the Kings in Luxor before returning to Memphis.

Upon landing at West Palm Beach on a subsequent trip I noticed a Boeing 247D sitting on the ramp with The United Airline logo removed. I mentioned in operations that I had probably flown that airplane. They said, "Hey, you are just the guy we are looking for." "Would you mind flying a couple of trips out to Nassau to pick up some ferry pilots?" I said "sure I'd be glad to." As we walked out to look at it, the crew chief said "the right engine has been acting up a little but you shouldn't have any trouble smoothing it out with the mixture". I said OK if you will go along as copilot.



We flew on out to Nassau without a problem and loaded up the passengers. One of the PAX was a full colonel. He asked me if it was OK if he flew as copilot. I said if it is OK with the crew chief have him

check you out in the cockpit. I gave the Colonel a heads up as we were taxiing out about the cranky engine. We took off and climbed to about 4000' as I headed for the mainland. About half way across Bang! Engine failure! I went through the shutdown procedure which was a little more complicated than in more modern aircraft and required closing and opening a couple of star valves to reroute the oil pressure to the propeller dome for feathering. I could see the mainland ahead and that we were in good shape to make it. I lowered the nose and started drifting down to the pattern. After things settled down the Colonel said. "Well Captain I am sure glad you told me about that engine." I grinned and said, "I don't like to bust your bubble Colonel, but that was the wrong engine."

Summer turned to fall and one day my old buddy Swanson handed me orders transferring me to Reno, NV where they were setting up a C-46 training unit to train pilots to fly the "Hump." The Burma and Lido roads were still under construction and the "hump" airlift was the only means of supplying The Chinese Nationals under Gen. Chiang Kai-shek. This airway over the most treacherous Terrain and worst weather in the world took one of the highest tolls in losses of any operation during WWII. And to boot, enemy attack from the Japs was probable and expected.

Bettye and I set out in our '41 Chevy across the country. They gave us enough coupons (everything was rationed) to make it across the country. Tires were not to be found anywhere only retreads that were not guaranteed to go across the street. We had our share of tire trouble. As we approached the Rockies, Bettye was in awe. She had never seen mountains like this. Each time we would enter a canyon she would look around and say "how are we going to get out of this one."

I reported in at the base and Bettye set out to find us a place to stay. Milo Bacon, a United Captain on active duty, took me right out for a check ride in a DC-3. It was a night flight. The next day I was shocked to see the mountains we had been flying around. Milo must have been favorably impressed as he assigned me as a Flight Commander over a dozen or so other instructors. In the meantime, Bettye had found us an apartment out on Fourth St. (You can't even see where it was now). The landlady was a nice lady by the name of Mrs. Krumbein. I guess she was a widow. I never asked her. She had a Kerry blue dog that she doted on. She used food stamps to buy meat for the dog while she ate dog food. We settled in for what proved to be a particularly snowy winter with the ground white most of the time until spring. My duties were mostly giving final check rides and progress checks on the students. We flew around the clock on the training curriculum with different flights rotating through the shifts. Most of the final check rides were scheduled during the daylight hours so the only times I had to fly the night shifts were during progress checks on when we got overloaded and I took a student to train. I also got an interesting assignment flying a photo mapping plane as we gradually mapped the entire state of Nevada. These flights were shared by all the Flight Commanders. One of the other F/Cs, I had known in Memphis, his name was Garland Pack. He was an old Barnstormer twelve years my senior. We became fast friends during the rest of our active duty tours and after the war. We spent many hours together through the spring and summer fishing for trout in the Truckee River.

Bettye was approaching the third trimester of her pregnancy but it didn't slow her down much. She had a world of friends among the other officer's wives which took up much of her time. She loved Harold's Club and playing two bit blackjack. She knew that as service personnel we were not allowed in the casinos after midnight. So it was easy for her to hide from me. Another recreation we enjoyed together was to drive down town in the evening and people watch. It was better than a trip to the zoo. Eugene [Bettye's dad] got a job in the shipyards in San Francisco and Geraldine spent a lot of time with us. I always loved having her around.

I drove Geraldine and Bettye across the Sierra in mid winter to take Geraldine home. The trip across the summit was an interesting adventure. No one used chains at that time and the snow plows were conspicuous by their absence. We slid and skidded over the route. I told them to standby and prepare to

jump out on my command. Bettye said Ha! No way am I leaving, if it goes I am going with it. We made it without any serious mishap. I arranged for Bettye to fly back and I made the return trip solo.

As spring broke and things started to thaw out, Bettye was getting pretty uncomfortable as her time approached. Her time came and passed.....nothing. I was threatening to blast and she even tried taking castor oil to move things along. We had a Curtis navy attack plane, (A-25) on the field we used to chase parts etc., it was also available for us to fly for recreation. I finished a check ride early one morning and decided to go for a spin in the A-25. As I flew over town, I noticed a car in front of the house. I thought Uh Oh its time. I circled the house for ten or fifteen minutes to see if they came out to get in the car. I was about 500' above the ground. The sound of the 1900 horsepower engine reverberating off the mountains back into the bowl wasn't making many friends. I broke off and flew back to the base.

I never saw as many angry faces as when I walked into operations. The phones had been ringing off the hook with complaints. I had a lot of explaining to do and was nearly court marshaled. The Base Year Book that year had a cartoon of me flying through the Reno Arch. The rumors spread far and wide. Many years later John Dodge who had been in India at the same time I was and later flew for Hughes Air West with Jim asked me, "did you really do that Wes?", I said "John really."

Soon afterward we did rush to the hospital and were blessed with the most beautiful little girl I had ever seen. We named her Peggy Lucille, the middle name in honor of my beautiful departed sister. Peggy brought the sunshine with her and the trees burst forth in a riot of green, the snow went away and the sunshine warmed the air so our little jewel could enjoy the outdoors in her bassinet. All Mom's girlfriends became surrogate moms and would beg to take her home for a little while. Geraldine was beside herself with joy.

My fishing tackle was all prewar but still in fair shape as proven by the number of fish I brought home over the summer months. I decided that I could design a better reel. I introduced myself to the civilian machinists employed at the Base. They adopted me and set out to teach me the machinist trade. I spent many hours under their tutelage. The result was the creation of my first fishing reel built from raw material to my specifications. The crew gave me an honorary diploma as a journeyman machinist.

I tied all of my own flies as there were none to be had otherwise. The owner of the local sporting goods store next to Harold's club saw me fishing one day and asked me if I would tie some for the store. He bought all I could tie. I used to watch what kind of fly they were rising for and try duplicating it. It worked very well. Garland and I also fished some with Crawfish tails on a fly line. We would grab them with our hands from the river and break off the tails and put them in our shirt pocket, using them as needed. One time I forgot they were in my shirt and put it in with the dirty clothes. A week or so later Mom and Grandma threw me out with the dirty clothes.

Reno at that time was just a small pueblo surrounded with farm land, mostly hay. I used to go out with my .22 and harvest a pheasant on occasion. One time Bettye and I brought one home. I had drawn it and cut off the head. I laid it on the sink drain with the head where it should have been and Bettye and I went off to the show. Grandma came home and picked it up to start getting it ready to cook. The head flew off onto the floor startling her more than somewhat. I heard about it when we got home.

My old friend and copilot Ralph Martin came through Reno as a student in late summer. His wife, Ann, a close friend of Bettye, came with him and begged me to get him assigned as an instructor. I did my best but he had already received orders to report to one of the C-46 bases in the Assam Valley to fly the hump. Besides I would be following him over shortly. I was over there when I found out that he had been lost in action due to a hydraulic fire in the air. Ann had just born a son. She didn't remarry until many years after the war ended.

My best friend in High School was a lad by the name of Art Hoodycheck. We called him Hoody. He lived across the street from my brother Roger in Belmont Shore. I met him soon after I moved to Long Beach and we became close friends. We spent a lot of time at the beach during the summers. He was an accomplished body surfer. I was mediocre at best. He also invariably beat me playing paddle tennis. We were swimming in the surf one day when the waves were pretty big. We were out past the breakers and got caught in a rip. We started swimming across the rip to get out of it when my leg started to cramp. I kept swimming and fighting the cramp. Hoody stayed with me concerned for my safety, I said I thought I could make it OK so he started singing to me to keep my spirits up. "Oh she baked a cherry pie Billy Boy". Soon we were able to catch a wave and ride it to shore and thought little more about it. Hoody went to Army flying school in mid 1942 in Heme, CA. I was able to stop in from time to time while flying a war bird and on several occasions to take him home to visit his folks. In the fall of 1944, while I was in Reno, he completed his flight training and was assigned to Mc Chord Field in Washington State for combat training for overseas duty. I had also received notice that I would soon be reassigned. I was given a furlough prior to reassignment, as was he. I took a couple of students and an airplane to combine a training flight with a trip to pick up Hoody and fly to Long Beach for a visit. As I approached the Tehachapi Mountains the left engine got so rough I decided to shut it down and headed for the Navy Base in Santa Barbara. A couple of minutes later, Hoody tapped me on the shoulder and said, "You can sing me, "she baked a cherry pie" now." We landed without incident and I determined that one of the magnetos had destroyed itself. I arranged a hop on down to Long Beach for Hoody and called Reno to send me a magneto. Garland Pack flew one down to me in the A-25 and he and I and the crew chief changed it out. I flew the airplane back to Reno and Bettye and I drove to Long Beach. The last night there Bettye, me, Hoody and his wife Sissy, went out on the town. Exactly nine months later, to the day Bettye gave birth to Wes Jr. and Sissy gave birth to a baby girl, "Dawn."

When we got back to Reno, orders were waiting for me to report to Homestead FL for training in the new Douglas C-54 (DC-4). The course was a month long. I was then to return to Reno for further assignment. The course was excellent, one of the most comprehensive I have ever had. At least the ground portion was. We knew every nut, bolt and system in the airplane intimately by month's end. The flight training was somewhat more casual. This really didn't matter as the airplane flew like a dream and I already knew the procedures taught quite thoroughly. We trained as a crew with pilot, copilot and crew chief. My instructor after the first flight or two would have me fly to Marathon Key and land. He had his girlfriend drive down and they would "visit" for a couple of hours while we practiced in the bird.

They also had a couple of C-87's for training. Being already qualified in it, I only flew it once. I was sitting in the officers club one evening playing cards a week or so into the course when everything went black. We heard crash sirens going off and rushed out to see what was up. One of the C-87's had crashed on takeoff with no survivors. The instructor's name was Cousins, and it so happened that he indeed was a cousin to Jim Douglass. When I reported to Albuquerque for my B-24 training we had spent a week or so looking for a B-24 missing on a training flight. We finally found it on a mountain side in the Sangre De Cristo Range with no survivors. I reported to Reno. We lost an airplane shortly after my arrival and found it on the side of Mount Shasta. At St. Joseph they lost a training flight due to weather. All the formal training schools I attended or worked with suffered training accidents during my attendance. Flight instructors are some of our unsung heroes as a significant percentage of accidents occur during training flights.

When I returned to Reno for reassignment, I had orders waiting to proceed to The Curtis Factory to pick up a new C-46, fly it to Miami, pick up a load of passengers bound for duty in India, deliver the PAX and airplane to Dinjan Assam then report for four engine duty to Tezgaon near Dacca in Bengal (now Bangladesh). We departed Miami on Christmas day 1944. [We had spent] Christmas Eve in Mi-

ami [with] a party I have never seen the likes of. Of course being the designated driver my role was strictly that of an observer. The flight over was pretty much routine with a lot of weather due to the monsoons through India. I delivered the airplane and passengers to Dinjan and reported the next day to Tezgaon.

THE HUMP

During World War II, there existed a theater of operations where successful completion of the mission was considered by many to be absolutely critical to the successful prosecution of the war in the Pacific. Yet this theater was at the bottom of the list for allocation of resources and supplies. The operation lasted from 1942 until the end of the war, and kept 1.2 million Japanese soldiers occupied in China that could have been fighting in the Pacific islands. The closing of the Burma Road left only one supply route open to supply Chinese and American fighting on the Chinese mainland—The air route from air bases in Bengal and the Assam valley in India over the Himalaya Mountains—better known as “THE HUMP”.



Wes in Barackpore 1945

They wasted no time putting me to work. I went out that night flying a C-109 [another variant of the B-24] full of high octane aviation fuel to Chengtu in northwestern China. Chengtu was a huge fuel depot where fuel was disbursed to various bases throughout Nationalist China. The C-109 had a very ominous reputation. It had fuel tanks in the bomb bays and throughout the airframe. We had several "pet" names for it such as “C-one oh boom” and “C-dash crash”.

We took off from Bengal severely overloaded into the worst imaginable weather over the highest, most jagged and inhospitable piece of real estate on the planet. It took the utmost concentration to keep the airplane climbing in its overloaded condition. Our minimum instrument altitude was as high as you could get by the time you reached the mountains. Jet streams and mountain wave action had yet to be defined. We had to content ourselves calling the condition up and down drafts. As we approached the ridges running north and south over the mighty rivers below, Salween, Mekong etc., the combination of fuel burn and updraft on the windward side of the ridge would lift us up over the ridge only to sink down on the downwind side to an altitude you knew was below the height of the next ridge. Turning back was no longer an option, as you would not be able to climb over the ridge you just crossed due to the down draft.

The first time I experienced this, I mentally made peace with myself and my maker. I had used all the knowledge and skills I possessed and my fate was now out of my hands. Strangely enough this gave me a sense of peace as I proceeded to the next ridge where the wave action gently lifted me over the jagged peaks and into the next valley. As the airplane got lighter, I was finally able to attain enough altitude to remain clear of the terrain.

The instrument approaches in China were all accomplished with an automatic direction finder, homing on a non directional radio beacon located in the proximity of the airport. This procedure, though still used today, is the modern instrument student's worst nightmare. We got very good at it proven by the fact that we are still here. On breaking out of the clouds on our approach we found ourselves in a high basin with a complex of several airports all using one centrally located homing beacon. The only light to be seen was the dimly lit runway you were assigned for landing. The C-109 was a particularly unstable old bucket that refused to maintain a wings level attitude without constant concentration, combine this with an intense desire to fall asleep and you get an idea of the situation. As a result, when you finally managed to line up with the runway, the runway would start moving back and forth across the windshield.

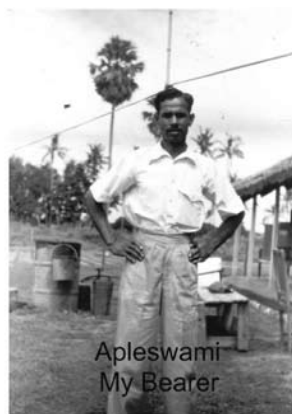
When we took off from Tezgaon, the weather was like a sauna bath. As we climbed higher we would start donning more clothes eventually clothed in full winter flying gear. Landing in China, we didn't take a thing off. It was that cold. After landing, we taxied to the fuel depot and tried to catch a few winks of sleep while they drained out the fuel. All the fuel was drained except just enough to make the relatively short hop down to Kunming.

At Kunming we went into the mess hall for a breakfast of Spam and eggs. All we ever had to eat on the base at Kunming was eggs, yet I don't remember ever seeing a chicken. I always suspected they were duck eggs due to the aromatic flatulence that they produced. The short order fry cook that took your order was a happy faced Chinaman with a perpetual grin. He would greet you as you came through the door with, "hijo hyuwacha eggesus, sigl fly, duba fly hah fly o sclamba fly". If you responded with "duba fly" he would giggle and say "ha! No duba fly, sclamba fly, powdah eggesus". I guess powdered eggs were the alternative to duck eggs.

At Kunming you were dispatched with just enough fuel to get home or sometimes just enough to make Myitkyina (pronounced mission-ah) in Burma. On one trip, I was dispatched to Myitkyina only to find it socked in upon arrival overhead. I pressed on to Imphal an hour to the west. All the gauges were indicating empty when we landed and one of the engines was surging as we taxied in. This was a British Base. I found a junk pile off the runway and with the permission of the Brits, I scrounged enough parts to build myself a BSA motorcycle. I, and the rest of the guys in my basha (home away from home), used it for transportation for the rest of our tour of duty. I found the Brits very helpful in keeping it going. I could get tires and parts from them simply for the asking. They called it "reverse leases lend."



I flew the Hump for almost a full month before I saw it. When I finally did, I was almost glad I didn't see it during that terrible month of January. I flew 185 hours during that month. The night of Jan 6, 1945 was the worst night they had ever had over the route. Sixty-four aircraft were lost with 23 of them from our base. To add insult to injury, following that effort a communist spy had opened the valves at the depot and drained 180,000 gallons of our hard earned fuel out on the ground. There is more. The general in command of the division was bucking aggressively for another star by increasing the tonnage flown, whether it was Hula Hoops, toilet paper, comic books or whatever, as long as it showed up on the bottom line. As a final insult, in the interest of tonnage he decreed that our parachutes were not necessary on the hump and took them away.



Apleswami

The routine during that month of January was pretty much the same. Upon returning from a mission we would be debriefed, get a bite to eat, and then report to the infirmary to be issued a "combat ration" which consisted of a four-ounce belt of Jack Daniels. Then they would point us to the bed. Twelve hours later in the same position I had hit the bed in, my bearer, (man servant), would be gently shaking me. "Captain Saab, operations call, your sheep is ready, Saab, Saab wake up." I would get up. A freshly laundered uniform would be laid out with shoes properly shined. I would dress, go to the mess hall then report to operations for briefing then off again into the soggy skies for another mission.



Giant Fruit Bat

One day I was assigned to test fly a C-109 to test the turbo superchargers. It happened to be a nice day for a change, so I decided to fly over Mt. Everest. I had the crew chief load on a couple of buckets of empty beer cans to dump out over the mountain. I figured that someday someone was going to climb it and wonder who had been there before having a beer party. [Sir Edmund] Hillary never mentioned it so I guess they all blew away.

Some time, in early February, I was called into the office by the CO. He said they were enlarging a unit Near Calcutta to inaugurate a scheduled airline service across the Hump and to fly special missions. He said they were picking personnel from various bases with special qualifications to staff the operation. Apparently my credentials met the profile as I was transferred to "Barrackpore," a base north of Calcutta and across the Hoogley River from division headquarters at Hastings Mill. I gathered my belongings and caught a hop to my new assignment. In a number of meetings our operations plan was implemented. We were equipped with the new C-54's, some equipped with a plush airline type interior for passenger service, others open cabins for cargo service and one with four 500 gallon fuel tanks in the cabin for special long range missions. We had five scheduled flights per day to Kunming, Chungking, and eventually onto Shanghai when it was liberated.

The Chief pilot in place when I arrived had gotten himself in trouble by having the crews on flights over the hump list him as a crew member without his presence on board. To guild the lily, he had accepted medals for his efforts. Needless to say he was soon gone. I was appointed to take his place so now I had office duties in addition to flying. As base Chief Pilot I continued to fly around 100 hours a month in addition to my chores at the office. I also got some perks with the job. I got assigned to some very interesting special missions, which I will discuss in more detail later.

On one of the scheduled flights to Kunming, I was sitting in the cockpit waiting to be fueled and loaded for the return flight. I was slumping in the seat with my hat over my eyes catching a few winks. I felt a tap on my shoulder. I raised my head and turned around looking into the wizened face of General Claire Chennault. I started and tried to come to some kind of attention, which is hard to do sitting in an airplane cockpit. He grinned, shoved me back down in the seat, stuck out his hand and said, "Captain I'm Claire Chennault. I've heard a lot about you Captain and I have a favor to ask". I said, "Of course sir, mi casa es su casa." He said, "I have a delegation I want you to take back to Calcutta. They are going to San Francisco to set up a new world organization and I have hand picked crews for each leg of the flight. The head of the delegation is T. V. Soong the brother of Madam Chiang. He is a very uneasy flyer, would you mind if he occupied the crew quarters on the flight?" I said, "no problem" with which he brought him forward and introduced him. I told him he was welcome and to make himself at home. Chennault said, "No one knows who these folks are and I would just as soon it stayed that way." I said, "Me too." The flight back was routine as was the entire trip to SFO (then SF). Thus the United Nations was born. For better or worse? Time will tell.

On a freight flight to Luliang, southeast of Kunming, I off loaded and took off for the return flight. As we approached the high mountains from the east I had to shut down an engine. We landed at an abandoned Flying Tiger field near Yunanee. It was in a no mans land abandoned by both the Japanese and the U.S. but technically behind Jap lines. The crew chief and I determined that the problem was a broken pushrod. We scrounged around the hangars and buildings and found an oxyacetylene welding outfit that still had some gas in it. Further searching produced enough parts to make a jury rig repair to the Pushrod. The engine checked OK on run up so we decided to take off. We waited until the next morning for daylight and got the bird back home. Meanwhile back at the ranch, when we didn't show up we were reported missing in action. I immediately wrote a letter to Bettye confirming that I was still among the living and safe. As a tribute to the efficient APO she got the letter before she got the official notice of my MIA episode.

One of the fields we flew into in China was Chanyi. It, like BW1 in Greenland, was a one way operation. Once committed to an approach it could not be abandoned, you had to complete the landing. After landing, I was amused by the sign over the door to operations which was later featured in "Stars and Stripes" it said, "Congratulations, You made it again".

One day I was summoned to division headquarters at Hastings Mill to be briefed for a special mission. [By] that time we had established air routes to the east as far as China and to the west as far as the Philippines. Washington wanted to survey the link to complete the air route structure around the world. The mission was top secret and to be flown at night to minimize interception by the Japanese. I was not to reveal the mission to the rest of the crew until we were en route. I had arranged for Garland Pack's transfer from Assam to Barrackpore some time earlier. I selected him to be second in command and thus [he] had knowledge of the mission.

To finish this tale I must go back in time to my early years. My Grandfather had moved to Southern California and bought property in Watts. My Grandmother was in failing health and Grandpa had built a small house on the property to care for her. She passed away before my family moved to southern California. I never knew her as she was gone before the family re-located. One of the buildings owned by Grandpa was a store building. He had it rented to a Japanese family that ran a neighborhood Grocery. We frequently visited Grandpa. The Japanese family had a pretty little girl my age and we spent many hours playing together. Her name was Iva Toguri, (Tokyo Rose).

To get back to my story, an hour before our scheduled departure Tokyo Rose came on the air announcing the details of the mission including the names of all the crew members. She promised they would have a reception committee waiting for us over Hainan Is. We decided not to scrub the mission and departed on schedule. Most of the flight over occupied China was in instrument conditions including the portion over Hainan. We did, however, fly through a wake over the island and I have puzzled ever since over what or who it might have been. We flew into daylight over the South China Sea completing our flight to Leyte Gulf in daylight and clear skies. We continued the flight to the Island of Morota in Micronesia. As in Trinidad a couple of years earlier we sweated out being tracked by all the naval guns as we approached for landing. Having completed the round the world link we returned via Manila, again traversing occupied China at night landing at Kunming and back across the hump to Barrackpore, mission accomplished.

I had the pleasure some months later of briefing General Jimmy Doolittle for a flight over the same route. Incredibly he remembered me years later. At the Watsonville CA Air show where my partner, Herb Ross, (more on him later), and I were performing. Gen. Doolittle was the Grand Marshal and insisted that Herb and I ride with him in an open touring car as he greeted the crowd. General Doolittle was one of my childhood idols along with Charles Lindbergh and I feel very privileged having known him. I never had the pleasure of meeting Lindbergh.

As the war with Japan was approaching an end, I had a mission utilizing our extra long range C-54. The flight which became a regular schedule on a biweekly basis originated at Barrackpore landing at Kandy Celon (now Sri Lanka). From Kandy it was nonstop to Perth Australia. The scheduled flight time was nineteen hours and something. It was almost like an ocean voyage. We carried two crews and the flight went through several light dark cycles. In later years I flew long flights in Jets but seldom more than 12 hours. Listening to those old R-2000 engines grind away for up to 20 hours did indeed try your patience. I took turns with the navigator doing star fixes which helped pass the time.

The runways in China were literally built by hand. Thousands of coolies with baskets and rock hammers would swarm over the runway grade chipping and fitting rocks into a mat of masonry. When they were working [on] the runway, it was used when it got long enough, to allow landings and takeoffs. On

final approach it looked like an anthill ahead. They would miraculously part ahead of the airplane and close again behind - most of the time. There were fatalities all too frequently but no one seemed to take it too seriously. Life is held pretty cheaply in the Far East. The runway at Luliang was more than 16,000 feet in length. Rumor has it that they neglected to tell [the coolies] to stop when it was long enough. If you rolled to the far end you almost needed a road map to find your way back on the taxiways or you might just end up downtown. Stories, whether true or false, were rampant. One I particularly liked, which fit the situation perfectly. They hauled their rocks in donkey carts. It was said that if they ran across the runway ahead of an airplane and it came close enough it would cut off the evil spirits behind. Many times they cut it too close. This much of the tale I know for sure as I have seen it happen.

Instrument weather in Kunming was always a challenge for everyone concerned, ground traffic controllers as well as the flight crews. The traffic at Kunming frequently rivaled that of Chicago or New York. Radar as a tool for traffic control did not exist until the 1950's and even then only at select high density terminal areas. Traffic separation necessarily had fairly conservative limits. Vertical separation was normally 1000' and horizontal was five miles. On instrument approaches an approach could not be initiated until the previous aircraft reported visual contact with the airport. Aircraft waiting for approach clearance were held in a stack flying a race track pattern over a designated holding fix with 1000' vertical separation. They were cleared to make their approach from the bottom of the stack at which time all other aircraft in the stack were individually cleared to descend 1000' to await their turn for approach.

The process was painfully slow. Holding was done using power management to accomplish maximum endurance. Even so, fuel was being consumed at an uncomfortable rate. In the event of a missed approach, the airplane was cleared to depart the approach area, climb back to the top of the stack, re-enter and await their turn for another approach or proceed to an alternate. Alternates were conspicuous by their absence in China and usually had a holding stack of their own in inclement weather. Departures were dispatched at five mile intervals and coordinated with the approaches.

Kunming is situated at the north end of a large lake. Luliang is twenty miles or so to the southeast on the east shore. Each had their own homing beacon on a different frequency. The flights arriving from India and the departure flights were fat on fuel. On the other hand the flights from Chengtu and points north had been drained down to the minimum fuel necessary to make Kunming.

In the event of an emergency for one of the aircraft in the stack, all aircraft below that aircraft were cleared to proceed to Luliang, or Kunming as the case may be climbing 500' to enter the holding pattern. The 1000' separation over the fix now became 500'. This made you pay pretty close attention to your flying. The logistics of getting everyone back where they belonged speak volumes for the skills of the beleaguered controllers. It was not unusual or rare to hear someone above you declare an emergency, "Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! Running out of fuel, pulling out of stack to bail out." That was before they took away our chutes. After that they would ride the bird into the lake, rarely ever heard from again.

Needless to say we became a really close knit group, especially the ones living in the same Basha. There were four rooms with two souls per room. We ate, played, and slept together. We played football in the yard, played poker, bridge, checkers, chess, took showers in the yard in the torrential rains and moved our beds onto the veranda to escape the heat. There were few secrets in the group. We also shared my motorcycle. One of the group had a particular affinity for the bottle and frequently took off for Calcutta on my bike. His name was Bob Brogan. His father, John, owned a used car lot in Chicago. We called him "clean-living Bob, son of Honest John". One night while he was gone, we got together and man handled a large boulder into his bunk. When he got home, we heard him grunting and strain-

ing in a vane effort to get it out of his bed. Finally, in drunken frustration he just curled himself around the rock and quietly passed out. On another occasion he started in early afternoon on the sauce. I could see what was coming and afraid that he might hurt himself or even worse wreck the bike, I put a piece of fish paper, (an effective insulator), between the ignition points on the magneto rendering the mag dead. Right on schedule he dressed for town and started to kick start the engine. Of course his efforts produced nothing but sweat. Then he said "come on Wes give me a push." I said to hell with that, you push me. He pushed me around the yard until he finally collapsed from exhaustion and enervation. We poured him into bed and heard nothing further from him that day.

We had a couple of other members in our band that we shared among us, Waldo and Queenie. They lived in a couple of small trees in front of the Basha which suited them fine since they were monkeys. Queenie was shy and somewhat hyper. Waldo on the other hand was very gregarious and a real clown. He used to like to sit with me at my desk while I was writing to Bettye. I didn't mind the company but I couldn't convince him not to crap on my desk. I would slap him on the butt and throw him out the door. After some length of time he finally got the idea of what I was trying to do. He would crap on the desk, slap himself on the butt and jump out the door. He was really smart. Waldo could swim like a fish. I would take him to one of the many "Wog" ponds and watch him swim. He could swim under water until I was sure he would drown. He would perform for us in his tree. One of his favorite stunts was to pretend to fall from the highest limb in the tree then casually reach out and catch the bottom limb without even looking at it. He loved to ride on the bike with us. This is a thumbnail of my daily life when I wasn't flying or working in the office.



I would run across some of the "Combat Cargo" guys that we had trained in Louisville from time to time. They really had no fixed base. They were disbursed throughout the theater as they were needed, mostly in Burma. Their mission was to supply the units Wingate, Stillwell, Merrill to name a few, deployed throughout Burma attacking the Japanese, in northern Burma either by air drops or landing when possible. During the siege on Myitkyina in mid 1944, which went on for weeks, the north airport was taken easily, early on but the Japanese were so deeply entrenched in the town that a maximum effort was necessary to route them out.

During the siege, the Japs still held the southern airstrip and for some unknown reason an unspoken truce existed between their pilots and ours. The traffic patterns at the two strips were adjusted so as not to interfere with each other and not a single shot was fired in anger between the two. The Combat Cargo C-46's would land at the north strip with ammo for the howitzers, the shells unloaded and expended and the empty shells thrown back on the airplanes, thus was the siege maintained without interruption. A U.S. fighter base was established at Bahmo to the south using P-47's. They flew missions day and night as the Japs flew most of their bombing missions at night.

It was common while flying through the area at night to hear one of the fighters calling, "Stoker, (code name for Bahmo), light a candle." This meant to shine a searchlight straight up as a beacon to home on. The entire area was of course blacked out. Imphal to the west, where I got my motorcycle, was the closest the Japanese ever got to India. They were only one ridge in the Chin Hills away. The Combat Cargo had existed previous to our training them in C-46's flying the old reliable C-47 "Goony Bird". They had a heroic record Throughout the CBI, (China, Burma, India) theater.

The C-46 had twice the payload of the Goony Bird. Early in the training of one of their pilots in Louisville, he asked me as we climbed after takeoff to pattern altitude, "How does this airplane perform with

an engine out?" In answer, I shut down the right engine and feathered it and had him continue around the airport to a landing. As I was lighting it up again after landing, he looked at me and said "I don't know whether you are the craziest or the bravest son of a bitch I ever saw." I replied "Neither, I am very familiar with this aircraft." I went on to tell him that such demonstrations were routine during training. The fact that I had given it to him unannounced really got his attention. Maybe it came in handy somewhere down the line. I am sure it was placed firmly in his memory bank.

One of these heroes told me a story of a mission into Hanoi, which was at that time was French Indo China, in a C-47 to evacuate Chinese troops. He said he was the last flight out and could see the Japs moving through the jungle at the edge of the runway. He yelled at the crew chief to get loaded and get the damn door shut. He said the old bird felt quite sluggish on takeoff and in the air. He had the crew chief get out the front door after landing and count the people that got off. There were 74 souls on board. The normal passenger load was 21 and in some cases 24. What a venerable old bird.

One night at the officer's club I was chatting with a Brit that had flown Mosquito Bombers in the Battle of Britain. He told of an encounter he had with an ME 262 over France. He said he tried every trick he knew to avoid getting creamed. He said, "Ee would get over ear and give me a squirt", illustrating with his hands, "then eed get over ear and give me another squirt", finally someone took him off his tail and he turned tail. The Mosquito was one of the fastest birds in the British arsenal and I was surprised he had not been able to outrun him. I asked him just how fast he was going and he replied, "Aow would oi know yank, ee shot me bloody petot off." (Pitot Tube is the airspeed sensor).

There was an uneasy truce between the Communists and the Nationalists during the war. This was due to the common goal to defeat the Japanese. This did not preclude, however, the Communists from hitting a lick here and there in pursuit of their own selfish interests. A case in point occurred in Kunming one trip when we were experiencing a mechanical delay to change a tire. We borrowed a jeep and drove down town to a Chinese restaurant recommended by the locally based personnel. The food was as good as they said but while we were dining a troupe of coolies materialized around the Jeep and simply picked it up and made off with it. We had to hitch a ride back to the base. They said that this sort of deed was not all that unusual. I guess, in a strange way we were helping to outfit the Maoists.

Stealing is a way of life among the peasant class of Chinese. You don't leave anything of value out of your sight. On the other hand the East Indians we were associated with in India, were completely trustworthy. I never knew of a single incident of [anyone] being robbed of anything on our base. My personal bearer was named Apleswamy, we called him Joe. I used to leave money and valuables on my desk in the Basha and the only times he ever touched them was to pick them up to dust. He was available day and night. He did my laundry, shined my shoes, woke me for flight duty and had a clean, freshly ironed uniform with shoes newly shined, laid out for me when I arose regardless of the time.

Apleswamy loved to wash and polish my motorcycle and was delighted when I would give him a ride. Many times he would go out to the runway to watch me take off, then the next time I would see him he would grin and tell me, "I see you in B-29 last night." I guess he thought I was off to bomb Tokyo. I think I paid him about \$3.00 per month and it was more money than he had ever made in his lifetime. He had one other patron besides me. My secretary at the office was a jewel. She had the scheduling, pilot qualification needs and other duties of my job down pat and when I got to the office little was left for me to do paper wise except add my signature or go fly a check ride.

Summer wore on, the Japs were being pushed further back in Burma and China We were able to move our routes further south where the mountains were lower. The weather was more to our liking. Eventually, I found a route where I could fly all the way to Kunming in good weather and never get higher than 9500'. They named it the Ament Route.

The high point at the base was mail call. I was mostly disappointed here as I was lucky to get one letter a month from Bettye even though I tried to write her every day. In August we got the news of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and soon after the unconditional surrender of the Japanese on Aug. 14, 1945. We extended the route structure of our little airline on to Peishiyi and Shanghai.

On one trip into Shanghai a typhoon was coming from the other direction and trying to beat me there. It was our custom when weather might be a problem to have the captain of the turnaround crew in the tower as we approached to give us a heads up on the weather conditions. In this particular instance it was a lifetime New Englander with an accent to match by the name of Armand Caneli. I think he was also a frustrated cowboy as he had taken to calling me Paht-nah. He allowed that the wind was steady at 60 mph with gusts to 75, but the good news was that it was blowing right down the runway, and he thought an approach was viable. We made the approach and landed safely. I could just as easily landed on the ramp with our groundspeed and probably should have as taxiing was nearly impossible. I had to use almost full power on the windward engines while taxiing crosswind to keep from weather cocking into the wind.

When we finally made it to the terminal the winds were continuing to build and the rain was coming down in buckets. I set the parking brakes and shut down the engines. At that point a gust of wind hit us and turned us into the wind dragging the tires over the wet pavement. They pulled fuel trucks up as close as they could to the wings and tail and securely lashed the airplane to them. Walking into the terminal proved to be a bigger challenge than the taxiing had been. We all spent the night in the terminal rather than trying to make it into town. The eye of the storm had passed a short distance to our north and by morning the storm had pretty much blown itself out as it proceeded over land causing severe flooding to the surrounding area. We were able to dispatch the turnaround flight and went on down town. We were billeted in a hotel on Bubbling Well Road overlooking the Whangpoo River.

There was a German community of people who had fled the Nazi Regime and a community of White Russians composed of Russian elite who had been loyal to the Czar and fled fearing reprisal from the Bolsheviks. The Russians kind of took us under their wing and would often have us over to their homes on a layover. They were interesting people with many fascinating tales to tell. I guess the Japanese had tolerated their presence during the occupation but they were pretty much under house arrest. We had little to do with the Germans except that I bought a German Camera with which I took many of the pictures I still have today. Shanghai was not a safe place. We never went out on the streets at night alone and always armed. Paradoxically, a couple of years later when I was flying into Japan from the states, we felt perfectly safe wandering the streets of Tokyo day or night.

With the war over thoughts turned to going home. They set up a point system to qualify for rotation. It included a number of parameters such as age, time in theater, missions, among others. Garland Pack qualified right away due to his age and was soon on his way back home. I on the other hand had just turned 24. This, along with my staff position, put my turn down the road a ways as someone had to mind the store.

In mid September, I finally got a letter from home informing me that Bettye had given Peggy a little brother and me a new son. She named him for me. Bettye had been by herself when labor started so she drove herself to the hospital.

The CO decided I needed some R&R which I couldn't have cared less about, but he insisted so I took a C-47 and a few others bound for R&R and flew up to the upper end of The Assam Valley. We were picked up there and transported up into the Himalayas to the resort town of Shillong. It was really a beautiful spot with a lovely stream running through it. Beautiful or not there was nothing else to do besides rest. I tried fishing in the stream but anything alive had long since been caught and eaten. I

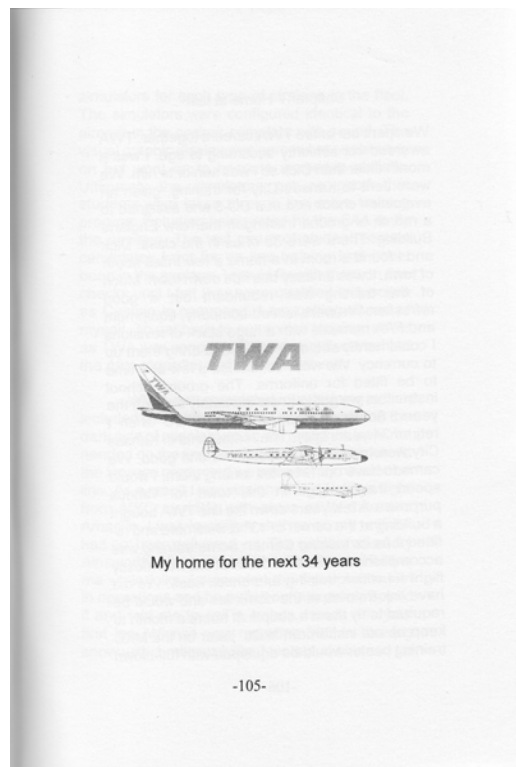
breathed a sigh of relief when the week was up and they took us back down to our Goony Bird and I drove us home.

Looking back through my log book, I continued to fly hump trips throughout China and also a lot of local flights in various aircraft. I am sure some were check rides but others I don't remember the purpose. I saw flights in C-47's, C-46's, At-6, B-25 a couple of trips to Tezgaon, and one trip to another local airport in a C-64. I don't even remember what kind of airplane that is. I looked it up, it is a Noor-dine Norsman built in Canada, a large 600 HP single engine airplane that carried eight passengers. I still don't remember the flight. My last flight was October 7, 1945. I flew a war weary B-25 to Karachi having flown 166 missions over the hump. According to one historian this was the third highest number flown by any military pilot.

I flew the rest of the way back to the States as a passenger. I rode most of the way on aircraft contracted with the airlines. We landed in Cairo, Paris, London and New York. From New York I rode the train on to Memphis. I guess I must have been a sight. I weighed a scant 145 pounds, my uniform hung on me, my skin was yellow from Atabrine taken to prevent malaria and was dragged down with dysentery which had been my nearly constant companion for the previous 10 months. Bettye didn't register too much shock and took me home to see my new son for the first time. Being a devout fan of "Snuffy Smith" in the comics, I got to calling him "Leettle Jughaid". This was a mistake as he still answers to "Jug" to this day. I took a check ride at Memphis in a C-47 for some reason then reported to Scott Field [near] St. Louis for separation from the Army. I accepted a commission in the Reserve with the rank of Major and returned to Memphis to let Geraldine fatten me up.

TO BE CONTINUED...

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:



WHY “N”?



“How did the U.S. end up with ‘N’ instead of ‘US,’ or some other designation, as the prefix for our civilian aircraft registration numbers? After all, Sweden has ‘SE’, Great Britain uses ‘G’, Germany has ‘D’ (Deutschland), and France has ‘F’”.

“The origins of the N in the U.S. registration can be traced back to the Commission Internationale de Navigation Aérienne (CINA - the Convention for the Regulation of Air Navigation) established as part of the Paris Peace Conference immediately following World War I. A part of this conference was the adoption of the *Convention for the Regulation of Air Navigation* that laid the foundation of the system of international aircraft identification still in use today.”

immediately following World War I. A part of this conference was the adoption of the *Convention for the Regulation of Air Navigation* that laid the foundation of the system of international aircraft identification still in use today.”

The above is taken from the introduction to a very interesting article on the American Aviation Historical Society web site: www.aahs-online.org. The exact page is: www.aahs-online.org/articles/N-number.htm. Check it out—there are several theories.

Speaking of tail numbers, nowadays, you see some pretty interesting ones at international airports, particularly on the “biz jets”. Here’s the complete list to date:

Afghanistan YA; Albania ZA; Algeria 7T; Andorra C3; Angola D2; Anguilla VP-A; Antigua and Barbuda V2; Argentina LV (LQ, official use only); Armenia EK; Aruba P4; Australia VH; Austria OE; Azerbaijan 4K; Bahamas C6; Bahrain A9C; Bangladesh S2; Barbados 8P; Belarus EW; Belgium OO; Belize V3; Benin TY; Bermuda VP-B; Bhutan A5; Bolivia CP; Bosnia and Herzegovina T9 and E7; Botswana A2; Brazil PP, PR, PT, PU; British Virgin Islands VP-L; Brunei V8; Bulgaria LZ; Burkina Faso XT; Burundi 9U; Cambodia XU; Cameroon TJ; Canada CF-, C-F, C-I; Cape Verde D4; Cayman Islands VP-C; Central African Republic TL; Chad TT; Chile CC; Republic of China (Taiwan) B; (B-10000 to B-99999); People's Republic of China B (B-1000 to B-9999); Hong Kong, China B-H (formerly VR-H), B-K, B-L; Macau, China B-M; Colombia HJ, HK; Comoros D6; Congo, Republic of TN; Cook Islands E5; Congo, Democratic Republic of 9Q; Costa Rica TI; Côte d'Ivoire TU; Croatia 9A; Cuba CU; Cyprus, Republic of 5B; Czech Republic OK; Denmark OY; Djibouti J2J; Dominica J7; Dominican Republic HI; East Timor 4W; Ecuador HC; Egypt SU; El Salvador YS; Equatorial Guinea 3C; Eritrea E3; Estonia ES; Ethiopia ET; Falkland Islands VP-F; Faroe Islands OY; Fiji Islands DQ; Finland OH; France F; French West Indies F-OG; French Guyana F-O; Gabon TR; Gambia C5; Georgia 4L; Germany D; Ghana 9G; Gibraltar VP-G; Greece SX; Greenland OY; Grenada J3; Guatemala TG; Guinea 3X; Guinea Bissau J5; Guyana 8R; Haiti HH; Honduras HR; Hungary HA; Iceland TF; India VT; Indonesia PK; Iraq YI; Ireland EI; Isle of Man M; Israel 4X; Italy I; Jamaica 6Y; Japan JA; Jordan JY; Kazakhstan UP; Kenya 5Y; Kiribati T3; Korea, People's Democratic Rep. P; Korea, Republic of HL; Kuwait 9K; Kyrgyzstan EX; Laos RDPL; Latvia YL; Lebanon OD; Lesotho 7P; Liberia A8; Libya 5A; Liechtenstein HB; Lithuania LY; Luxembourg LX; Macedonia Z3; Madagascar 5R; Malawi 7Q; Malaysia 9M; Maldives 8Q; Mali TZ; Malta 9H; Marshall Islands V7; Mauritania 5T; Mauritius 3B; Mexico XA, XB, XC; Micronesia V6; Moldova ER; Monaco 3A; Mongolia JU; Montenegro 4O; Montserrat VP-M; Morocco CN; Mozambique C9; Myanmar XY; Myanmar XZ; Namibia V5; Nauru C2; Nepal 9N; Netherlands PH; Netherlands Antilles PJ; New Zealand ZK; Nicaragua YN; Niger 5U; Nigeria 5N; Norway LN; Oman A4O; Pakistan AP; Palestine SU-Y; Palestine E4; Panama HP; Papua New Guinea P2; Paraguay ZP; Peru OB; Philippines RP-C; Poland SP; Portugal CR, CS; Qatar A7; Réunion Island F-ODF; Romania YR; Russian Federation RA, RF; Rwanda 9XR; Saint Helena/Ascension VQ-H; Saint Kitts and Nevis V4; Saint Lucia J6; Saint Vincent and the Grenadines J8; Samoa 5W; San Marino T7; São Tomé and Príncipe S9; Saudi Arabia HZ; Senegal 6V; Serbia YU; Seychelles S7; Sierra Leone 9L; Singapore 9V; Slovakia OM; Slovenia S5; Solomon Islands H4; Somalia 6O; South Africa ZS, ZT, ZU; Spain EC; Sri Lanka 4R; Sudan ST; Surinam PZ; Swaziland 3D; Sweden SE; Switzerland HB; Syria YK; Tahiti F-OH; Tajikistan EY; Tanzania 5H; Thailand HS; Togo 5V; Tonga A3; Trinidad and Tobago 9Y; Tunisia TS; Turkey TC; Turkmenistan EZ; Turks and Caicos VQ-T; Tuvalu T2; Uganda 5X; Ukraine UR; United Arab Emirates A6; United Kingdom G; United Nations 4U; U.S.A. N; Uruguay CX; Uzbekistan UK; Vanuatu YJ; Venezuela YV; Vietnam VN; Yemen 7O; Zambia 9J; Zimbabwe Z.—*Wikipedia*

For more go to: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aircraft_registration To find the registered owner of a given N number go to: http://registry.faa.gov/aircraftinquiry/NNum_Inquiry.aspx

FLOWN WEST



IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN IDUS INGLIS
SEPTEMBER 7, 1921 – AUGUST 14, 2009
TWA 1944 - 1989

Idus was born on a farm near Clarksville, Georgia. He was the youngest of eleven children born to Julian and Mamie Nix Inglis. His ancestors came from Kings Mill near Inverness, Scotland and he was the sixth generation in America. Idus went to high school in Clarksville. His older brother Hugh was one of his teachers for four years and was a great influence on Idus who went on to graduate from the University of Georgia in agriculture.

When Idus graduated, he said that President Roosevelt and everyone else said that a war was coming. In May of 1941, at age 20, Idus volunteered for the military and took advantage of the free flying lessons by the government. In February of 1942, he earned a commercial pilots license and instructors rating. In 1944, the Army Air Corps had enough pilots, so he started to work for TWA. He flew DC-4s to England, France, Italy, North Africa, Cairo the Middle East and India. When the war ended, Idus had flown in combat zones for twelve months.

In 1946, he took off the Army uniform and put on the TWA pilots uniform. First came school for the Lockheed Constellation. He was assigned to Cairo and flew to Rome, Paris, Lisbon, Tel Aviv, Saudi Arabia and Bombay. In 1948 Idus reported to Kansas City for Captain school. He flew the DC-3 for about 3,000 hours. He received a Captain bid in Chicago in April 1954 flying the Martin 202, 404 and the Connie. He moved to Los Angeles in 1961 and began flying the Boeing 707, Lockheed 1011 and the 747. He loved his job as a pilot highlighted by his time flying as a 747 Captain on International routes.

Idus was an avid historian, especially intrigued by Civil War Lore. He was a kind and loving person with a quick wit and a great sense of humor. Most of all, Idus was known for the love and devotion he had for his family. Due to his status as the family patriarch, his passing is seen as the end of an era. He is survived by his wife Jeanne, sons Craig and Kevin; daughters Denny and Stacy and six grandchildren. He had a stepson Jeffrey and two step grandchildren.

by Jeanne Inglis



IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN RICHARD L. MAIER
SEPTEMBER 9, 1935 – OCTOBER 30, 2009
TWA 1966—1995

IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN HENRY A. MICHAELS
OCTOBER 7 1923 – JULY 29, 2009
TWA 1947—1983

IN MEMORY OF
FRED KOLLER
JULY 4, 1923 – JUNE 8, 2009
TWA 1947—1985

IN MEMORY OF
STUART COMPTON
AUGUST 22, 1921—OCTOBER 31, 2009
TWA 1956—1990



IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN BOBBY WEBSTER
NOVEMBER 2, 1931 – OCTOBER 29, 2009
TWA 1957 - 1991

Bobby Lee Webster was born on November 2, 1931. Bobby's struggle with COPD and congestive heart failure ended on October 29, 2009, just three days before his 78th birthday. He recently confided to his daughter, "I had a great life. I have a great family. I have very few regrets." Bobby was cheerful, loving and a fighter until the end. He is survived by his wife of 44 years, Jacqueline; son, David; daughter, Julia; sister, Adelaide Gerard and two brothers, Fred and Dean Webster. He was preceded in death by his brother John Webster and parents Effie and Jack Webster.

Bob Webster was known by his friends to be generous, kind, a fun-loving, and an all-around good guy. His trademark even temper rarely found him riled up at anything. Many people remarked that he was the type of guy you want in charge of your plane in a stressful situation. You could trust that he would get you home safely.

Bob grew up in Jerome, Idaho, a small, rural town in the southern part of the state. As a boy he worked on his family's farm, attended school and tried to stay out of trouble. As a teen, Bob opened his own hobby shop; working with the model airplanes spurred his interest in flying.

Bob graduated from the University of Idaho in Moscow, Idaho with a Bachelor's degree in agriculture. He was always so proud of his alma mater. Even in college he was very active in different organizations. He joined the ROTC program and was also a member of the Sigma Nu fraternity. Upon graduation, Bob enlisted in the U.S. Air Force, entering as an officer. It was in the service that he learned to fly, a passion that lasted his lifetime.

Bob was one of those lucky enough to get paid for what he loved. He turned his passion into a career when he accepted a position with Trans World Airlines (TWA). In his 31 years of service, he flew just about every type of aircraft in TWA's fleet – from the Martin to the 747. He often commented, "It was the best job anyone could ever have. I loved every minute of it." He loved the camaraderie and spirit of the people in the organization. To him, going on a trip was fun not work.

Outside of TWA, Bob was involved in many service groups and organizations giving generously of his time and money. He earned the 32° Mason in 1960 and remained an active member for more than 40 years. He was also an active member of the Shawnee Mission Rotary Club, the Quiet Birdman Society, the Shrine and the Flying Fez.

Throughout his life, Bob never gave up his love for the great outdoors. After retirement, Bob and his wife joined the Saddle and Sirloin Club where he shot trap and rode horses. He loved trail rides and boasted the saddle sores to prove it. Among his many riding adventures were sojourns to the Big Bend country in Mexico and to the mountains of Banff in Canada.

Bob's family takes comfort that he was loved by many, liked by all and hated by none. He will be missed.

by Julia Webster



IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN BOYD LUDWICK
MAY 24, 1925 – OCTOBER 30, 2009
TWA 1953 – 1985

Boyd was born in Elizabeth, Pennsylvania, son of Clayford and Elizabeth Ludwick. He was a veteran of World War II having served in the Army Air Corps and in the Air Force during the Korean War. He was a member of the Antique Aircraft Association, Swift Aircraft Owners Association, Confederate Air Force and Air Line Pilots Association. He retired in 1985 as a Captain for TWA after 32 years of service. His favorite hobby was flying, which he was very active in doing until just a few years ago. He is survived by his wife Dale, son Rick and granddaughter Gracie.

submitted by Ray Gentile

IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN JAY C. PALMER
MARCH 3, 1931 – SEPTEMBER 28, 2009
TWA 1955 – 2002

IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN ALFRED LANE
JULY 7, 1932 – OCTOBER 3, 2009
TWA 1964 – 1988



IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN ROBERT W. "BEAR" BECK
NOVEMBER 10, 1931 – OCTOBER 15, 2009
TWA 1956 – 1991

Bear, 77, of Lake Quivira, KS "flew west" on October 15, 2009 in his home in Lake Quivira, Kansas. A Celebration of Life service was held Monday, October 19, 2009 at Country Club Christian Church, Kansas City, Missouri.

Bear was born on the Marine Corps Birthday, November 10, 1931 in Hebron, Nebraska. He attended Hebron High School where he was an All Conference Linebacker and Captain of the basketball team in 1950. He attended and played basketball at Doane College and enlisted in the Naval Aviation Cadet program during the Korean War. Bear got his wings as a Marine Aviator and spent 1-1/2 years in Korea with VMA 251, a close support squadron flying the AD Skyraider and later the F9F-6 Cougar. After 4 years in the Marines he joined Trans World Airlines and flew for them for the next 37 years, with his last 10 years flying International to Europe on the 747. He flew every plane TWA had from the Martin to the 747. He had many speed records flying the DC-9 where he enjoyed being a member of the famed "Ohio Valley Flying Zoo" earning his nickname the "Dancing Bear". Six months before retiring in 1991, he volunteered to fly U.S. Troops in the Gulf War's, Operation Desert Storm, and then had the privilege and fun of flying the victorious troops home. Bear was awarded an Air Medal for his service.

His great loves were Family, Nebraska Football, Kansas Basketball, the Chiefs, golfing with the Sandbaggers at Lake Quivira and his annual golf tournament the Bearly Open, for TWA Pilots with proceeds to ALS

Bear is survived by his true love of 38 years, his wife Sandi, two sons Bill and wife Debbie, Kevin and wife Jennie, two daughters Ann and husband Bob Behner, Carrie and husband Mike Jones. Nine grandchildren Courtney and Parker Beck, Margaret, Ella, and Beck Behner, Katie and Rylee Jones and Alayna and Lilly Beck and his sister JoAnn Varsa Doehring..

Semper Fi

by Sandi Beck

IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN BARTON G. HEWITT
JULY 23, 1921 – JULY 16, 2009
TWA 1942 – 1984



IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN FRANCIS MANELSKI
NOVEMBER 27, 1921 – AUGUST 19, 2009
TWA 1948 – 1983

Frank was born on a farm in Hicksville, New York on November 27, 1921 and peacefully “flew west” on August 19, 2009 at his home on Shelter Island, New York just three weeks after being diagnosed with cancer.

Frank’s aviation career began in the 1940s when he learned to fly in a J-3 Cub. In 1942 he entered the Naval Cadet Aviation Program. He trained at Lambert Field in St. Louis, Missouri, little knowing that many years later, St. Louis would play a major part in his career with TWA as its home base. In July of 1943 he was assigned to Corpus Christi, Texas to fly the PBY-3. He often talked about training as a steersman on the N25 in Chicago and flying the N2N-1 and the SNV-1. On discharge from the Navy in 1945, Frank was involved in advanced training on the SNJ-4, sometimes called the Texan.

In 1948 Frank was hired by TWA as First Officer and began what would be a 33 year career flying during the “glory years” of commercial aviation. In 1951 the Navy recalled Frank for the Korean conflict where he flew troops and cargo on the C-47 between Japan and Korea. He returned to TWA two years later based at JFK. Frank also flew the first TWA non-stop flight from Paris to San Francisco on a Constellation. It took 20 hours and 47 minutes.

Frank was a dedicated pilot whose work ethic was without question. He retired from TWA without ever taking a sick day in his 33 years. His love of flying was passed on to his son Lee Manelski, who was a pilot for TWA and a member of the USA Acrobatic Team, and to his daughter Andrea who was a TWA Flight Attendant then became a pilot for Air New England and UPS. Frank is survived by his two daughters Andrea and Maureen. He is also survived by eight grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. His son Lee predeceased him in 1991.

Anyone who knew Frank will attest to the fact that he was a truly witty man and an absolute gentleman. He always had a twinkle in his eye and considered himself blessed with friends and family and with his career. I consider it an honor to have been his friend.

by Ralph Collins

IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN FRED B. NOVINGER
NOVEMBER 25, 1928 – SEPTEMBER 3, 2009
TWA 1953 – 1985



IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN LEMAURIS "LE" BUTLER
AUGUST 16, 1922 – SEPTEMBER 29, 2009
TWA 1946 – 1982

Le passed away peacefully in Mesa, Arizona in the early hours of September 29, 2009. He was born in Ponca City, Oklahoma and raised on a farm in nearby Enid. Le's passion for flying started at a young age when a bush pilot made forced landing on his father's farm near the airport. Le's recollection of that BIG day was, "One day I heard a plane "sputter" and looked up in time to see it land in our pasture. Out climbed a handsome fellow wearing helmet, goggles and a leather jacket. He said, "Young man, keep these cows away from the plane till I get back." He walked over to the airport and came back with another man. I had kept the cows away from the plane and felt good about it. Later I learned that airplanes in those days were covered in canvas and coated with a lacquer that cows liked to lick. This may not seem like an eventful day, but I thought at the time that I sure would like to fly airplanes someday. Little did I know that I would fly many different kinds of planes, log 30,000 hours and get paid for doing something I loved, and retire in time to enjoy the memories."

Le got his pilots license as soon as he could. When World War II broke out, Le enlisted as a flight instructor at Tinker field in Oklahoma City. There he met his future wife Jeanne Williams. After the war, Le hired on with TWA until he retired in 1982 at age 60. He was assigned to Boston where he and Jeanne got married on September 7, 1945. He was assigned to Co-Pilot school in Kansas City. Three years later, he was promoted to Captain and moved to New York then to Mountain Lakes, New Jersey. Le flew most of his years out of Kennedy Airport in New York. He flew four different versions of the Connie, and two versions of the Martin. In 1962, Le started flying the Boeing 707 for ten years. He and Jeanne had two sons, Bill and Terry, and their daughter Lisa. They both loved their friends and neighbors, many of them pilots. Le was also involved in volunteer work, the Community Church, the Mountain Lakes Fire Department and the Masons..

Le had a love of music, poetry and art. He was accomplished in all three. His other interests were golf, tennis and bowling. He was a devoted fan of his children and would always be cheering them on from the sidelines whenever he could. At his Memorial Service in Mesa, he was best remembered for his smile, his sense of humor, and those blue eyes. He loved to make people laugh and feel welcome.

Le and Jeanne moved to Arizona in 1976 to be close to his son Bill and his wife Suzie, and their three grandchildren. Le continued flying with TWA, now out of Los Angeles where he flew the 747 for the balance of his career. Over his 37 year career, he moved up the seniority ladder to #1 just before he re-

tired at 60. He and Jeanne enjoyed 23 more years of wedded bliss together, winters in Scottsdale and summers in Prescott, Arizona in their “Tree House in the Pines.”

Le lived a long healthy and happy life. He made many long lasting friendships in TWA, New Jersey and Arizona. He will be missed by many, but also remembered fondly for the impact he had on their lives.

Le, may you soar with the eagles and rejoice with your wife, daughter and many other loved ones in the kingdom of our Lord and Savior. Thank you for the life you led and the example you were.

by Bill Butler

IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN ROGER W. SAILORS
JUNE 5, 1921—OCTOBER 3, 2009
TWA 1944—1976

IN MEMORY OF
ALBERT D. WAITE
JANUARY 22, 1922—AUGUST 9, 2009
TWA 1956—1983

IN MEMORY OF
GEORGE E. CLEMENTS
MARCH 25, 1920 – OCTOBER 12, 2009
TWA 1947 – 1984

IN MEMORY OF
ROBERT RIGBY
OCTOBER 19, 1933—OCTOBER 6, 2009
TWA 1965—1988

IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN ALVIN L. HEADSTROM
JANUARY 31, 1922 – SEPTEMBER 5, 2009
TWA 1942 – 1982

IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN JAMES A. MOCK
JANUARY 7, 1930 – SEPTEMBER 3, 2009
TWA 1953 – 1990



IMPORTANT FLOWN WEST NOTICE

The procedure for reporting a TARPA Member's death has reverted to the original plan used when we were first acquired by American Airlines. That is, in this sad event, survivors of a member should again call **American Airlines Survivor Support: 1-800-447-2000**. The primary purpose of that notification is to determine eligibility for receiving insurance benefits. Also, American Airlines and TARPA maintain these records for future reference. TARPA uses the information for the *Flown West* section of *TOPICS* and for the *In Remembrance* section in our Directory. All TARPA Members should save this notice and provide it to their family members. You may check the "Flown West" page on the TARPA message board at www.tarpa.com for any changes since this was published.

Family members and friends may send Memorials for TARPA Members who have Flown West to *TOPICS* Editor Emeritus John P. Gratz; Memorials can be sent online or by mail to:

John P. Gratz
1646 Timberlake Manor Parkway
Chesterfield, MO 63017
636-532-8317
jpgratz@charter.net



www.tarpa.com HAS A NEW LOOK!



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Welcome to the TARPA Website
TWA Active Retired Pilots Association
Let us explain who we are, and what we do.

WHO — Membership in TARPA is open to ALL previous TWA flight deck crewmembers and retired TWA Pilots. This includes all predecessor airlines. Our 1,500 members ranging from young current TWA/AA pilots to some who flew Ford Tri-Motors in the '30s.

WHAT — TARPA was founded in 1979 by retired TWA pilots who wanted to create an organization to provide a social, recreational, non-profit entity with a primary goal of helping members maintain friendships formed while flying for TWA, and to assist pilots nearing retirement with the transition to the new life.

HOW — We offer several ways to reach our objective. First, we publish a world class, widely acclaimed magazine "TARPA TOPICS" and is produced three times a year. TARPA TOPICS contains stories about members' current and past activities, stories about TWA and industry issues and updates on TARPA activities. We also publish a membership directory biannually addresses. Email and telephone numbers of all members and subscribers. Second, perhaps most important, TARPA convenes an annual gathering in various cities around the country. Our conventions are open to all previous TWA pilots and provides the opportunity to get up close and personal. We routinely have around 300 people in attendance, members, spouses and guests. Third, we offer this webpage with timely updates on all TARPA news and links to numerous other useful sites.

ANNUAL TARPA CONVENTION — All previous TWA pilots and their spouses are welcome. Our next convention for 2010 will be in Scottsdale Arizona, Sep 6-10. Click on the convention button to learn more and sign up.

TARPA — Is governed by a Board of Directors consisting of five Executive Officers and four Directors. There are twelve committees to provide assistance and suggestions the Board of Directors.

This is a brief introduction of TARPA. For additional information click on the contact button at the left and send your Email to **Guy Fortier** President of Tarpa, **Bill Kirschner** and **Ed Madigan**.



Convention 2009



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Convention 2009
Album # 2
Thank you to Ch. Wilder

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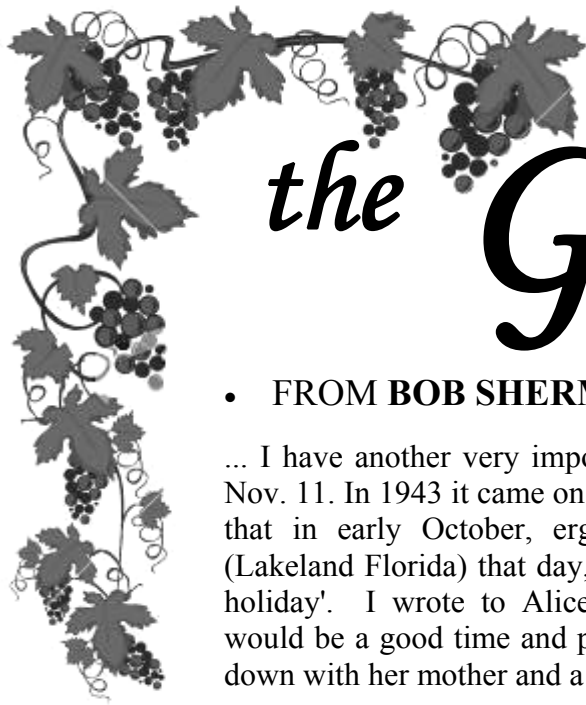


Merry Christmas and Happy New year!
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Webmaster Marc Brecy Former Flight Dispatch Officer Based at CDG

Marc Brecy took over as our webmaster in 2009 and has done a marvelous job with it! Marc, "I started with TWA in 1974 at CDG and my last position was International Flight Dispatch Officer (**FDO**) based at CDG. All updates are made from Mortefontaine (history of my village at <http://mortefontaine.eg2.fr/mortefountainenglish.html>) a small village north of Paris between CDG Airport and Chantilly. I'm also the webmaster administrator for www.twaseniorsclub.org [check this out, too—ed.] and the secretary for the French Veterans for my state."

Check it out. There is a message board, up to date 'Flown West', complete 'In Remembrance' list, member directory and a link to the *TARPA TOPICS* archives—every issue from 1982 through 2006—and a lot more.





the Grapevine

• FROM **BOB SHERMAN** IN AN EMAIL REGARDING VETERANS DAY

... I have another very important reason for remembering Nov. 11. In 1943 it came on a Saturday. I became aware of that in early October, ergo We would not be flying (Lakeland Florida) that day, thus I would have a 'two day holiday'. I wrote to Alice in Chicago and said that it would be a good time and place to get married. She came down with her mother and a friend and we did it—65 years ago.



Alice and Bob at the Nashville convention in 2008

• FROM **BOB ALLARDYCE**



Bob Allardyce
The Making of an Airline

The November, 2009 issue of *TOPICS* is a beautiful thing to behold and I thank everyone who contributed. While I do not in any way wish to contest the printed word, there is need for embellishment as part of Captain Charles Reyher's obituary in "Flown West," there is a short synopsis of his time as a B-29 pilot flying out of North Field on Guam. I quote: "This wing [315 Very Heavy Bomb Wing] flew the last and longest mission of World War II and became the subject of a book and a TV documentary." What has consistently been overlooked, has been that the "longest" mission of World War II, as mentioned in Reyher's obit, was a bomber mission. There were longer Photo Reconnaissance missions, much longer.

As General Curtis LeMay began his low level fire bombings of Japan, I was a flight engineer on one of the 3rd Photo Reconnaissance's F-13s (the photo recon version of the B-29). We were flying out of Harmon Field, Agana, Guam. The runway, then, was more or less parallel to the one now in operation, but shorter. Since we were not carrying bombs, we could add bomb bay fuel tanks and lengthen the range and, of course, the flying time of our missions. We were also free to cruise at more fuel efficient altitudes. (The mining and shipping blockades of the Sea of Japan caused a shortage of aviation fuel. Assuming a lone airplane was a harmless photo recon ship, the Japanese stopped intercepting us. This established the precedent that allowed the "Enola Gay" and "Bock's Car" to approach Hiroshima and Nagasaki without being intercepted.) My logbook shows that, on June 19, 1945, we flew the length of Japan, from Yaku Shima in the south to Hokkaido in the north, making a continuous horizon to horizon photographic map. We had to put into Iwo Jima to refuel. Total flying time: 20:35. I don't believe, for photo recon flights, that was particularly exceptional.

For TWA's trans-Atlantic crews, in the Connie days, a 20+ hour crossing wasn't particularly unique. Multiple crews and bunk time helped. Both F-13s and B-29s were flown by single crews. After briefing for a mission, we were each given a supply of Benzedrine pills. We usually arrived back at our home base with our eyes bulged out like stepped-on frogs. After a debriefing by Naval Intelligence, our aircraft commander was given an imperial quart of 80 proof Canadian whisky. We each got a carefully measured two ounce shot. The overworked navigators and radio operators got double rations. We ate and died until crew call for the next mission.

The following month, July, I was transferred to the 313th Wing, 6th Bomb Group, 39th squadron on North Field on Tinian. I was there for the remainder of the war. (When the Japanese heard Allardyce was coming, they surrendered!! - - Lest you misunderstand, that's a joke.)



- FROM ONA GIESCHEN RE: JOE (JOSE) GRANT

... I really enjoyed and thank you for sending the article on Joe Grant. I flew with him shortly after he returned from Saudi. I'll always remember flying with him, Grant was the pilot and C.D. Woods the co-pilot, old flight 300 leaving MKC really late at night or maybe even after midnight going to DCA with many stops. Anyway he told me to hold out my hand and he put a bunch of his Saudi puzzle rings that he had made, in my hand and said keep one for me to work on during the night and give the rest to passengers if they were awake. Well, by the time we got to Wheeling I had mine together. So he said I could keep it. Well anyway I got so attached to it and kind of afraid of dreadful luck if I didn't wear it, so I wore it all the time; great conversation piece, too. Anyway, years later when I flew with him on International he noticed it and said because I was still wearing it he would make me a new one. This one is 8 strands, 4 silver and 4 gold. I loved it, still do and that has to be like 56 years ago. My records show that I also flew with him a little earlier than that, 10/29/49.

- JOE'S BOOK

Joe was at AirVenture '09 in OSH last July to promote his new book, *KING ABDULAZIZ...HIS PLANE AND HIS PILOT* which is now available. (See the November 2009 *TOPICS* P.54.) It is co-written with Michael Saba PhD, an expert on Middle East relations and published by GulfAmerican Press, PO Box 32, Sioux Falls, SD 57101-0032 (\$19.95). It is available also at www.amazon.com.

There are many good pictures, both color and B&W. It is a good chronicle of Saudi Arabia Airlines (now Saudia) and also the Arabian American (Oil) Company, ARAMCO which had an airline of it's own. You will recall that TWA had a management contract with Saudia and sent many TWA pilots to perform temporary duty at Saudia, and indirectly, with ARAMCO.





- FROM WES AMENT REGARDING **HERB TANSEY**, Captain of the *Star of Cairo*, see the July 2009 *TARPA TOPICS*



Herb Tansey c. 1946

I enjoyed the [July 2009] *TARPA TOPICS* very much, especially the account of the Shannon accident. The account of Tansey's demise is, however, incorrect. The actual story is a bit more colorful. Herb took the money from his settlement and moved to Baja California Sur. He chose a location about 100 miles Southeast of La Paz called The Bay of Palms. At that time it was totally pristine. He built a fishing resort called "Rancho Buena Vista". It was about a mile down the beach from where our "Hotel Bahia De Palmas" was to be. Buena Vista became one of the best known Resorts in Baja. They graded an airstrip in the arroyo adjacent to the hotel. Herb had an Ercoupe to get around with as there were no improved roads outside of La Paz at that time and La Paz was an all day 4WD trip. On the day of the accident he had flown to LAP with one of his employees as a passenger/student(?). On the way back he apparently suffered a heart attack and the plane crashed near San Bartolo. When the wreckage was found, they were both interred side by side on a slope overlooking the Hotel. I am quite certain that no autopsy was performed as Mexican law requires that bodies must be in the ground within two days after death.. The heart attack was probably assumed, and most likely correct. Another friend of Herb's, Walt Morehead and I visited the grave site on one of our trips to Baja.—Wes

- MORE ON CAPTAIN TANSEY

Wes Ament referred us to the book, *Baja Legends* ("The historic characters, events and locations that put Baja California on the map") by Greg Niemann, Sunbelt Publications, San Diego, Ca., available at Amazon.com, which contains a good account of Tansey's life and death in Baja California. The following paragraphs are from that book:

Buena Vista on the East Cape

The oldest fishing resort along Baja's East Cape is the legendary Rancho Buena Vista. built back in 1952 by Herb Tansey and established as a fly-in resort. Paradoxically, a plane crash led to the development of the Rancho Buena Vista and a later plane crash took the life of its founder.

In 1946 Herb Tansey was captain of a TWA Constellation that crashed [at] Shannon, Ireland. Tansey and 37 passengers survived. The rest of the cockpit crew were among the 12 killed [*sic*]. Tansey himself had to have his leg amputated. It turns out that there was something wrong with the plane's altimeter, so Tansey sued and was paid a settlement by TWA.

On the ground, Tansey began teaching aeronautics in San Diego at a company that would one day become PSA airlines. One of his students, Enrique Garcia, mentioned that he knew of a ranch for sale way down in Baja California. So Herb Tansey, Garcia's father, Jose Garcia, and student Olen Berger flew down to look it over. There was no landing strip, so they landed on the soccer field at the nearby village of La Ribera.

The goat ranch called the Buena Vista was on an East Cape bluff right on Las Palmas Bay. Immediately impressed, Herb Tansey suddenly knew how his settlement money would be spent. He bought the land, incorporated in 1951, built two cabins he named Rancho Buena Vista, and opened for tourists in 1952. He had Jose' Garcia manage the fledgling business, and arranged to have his guests picked up at the new airstrip by members of the Verdugo family.

During the 1950s Herb built his dream resort. Many guests flew private planes into the excellent 2,500-foot-long dirt strip less than a quarter mile away from the main ranch. Others arrived by either a three hour taxi ride or a 20 minute charter plane ride from La Paz (75 miles). These days, most people fly into the international San Jose del Cabo Airport only 35 miles away.

Tansey built rooms duplex-style in a half moon concentration around the main dining/social center in the center. He hired Bobby Van Wormer, whose brother Frank was another of Tansey's students, as the



manager.

The Buena Vista is a sportsman's paradise, with excellent fishing for tuna, marlin, wahoo, sailfish, and dorado right offshore. They offer super pangas or cruisers and a complete service to clean, freeze, prepare, and even smoke your catch.

Tansey continued to improve upon his dream throughout the 1950s. He was attracting fishermen to the East Cape, helped by the publicity generated by columnist Ray Cannon. Then on January 1959, Tansey, at 45 years of age, and one of his employees were killed when Tansey's private plane crashed between La Paz and the rancho.

Tansey's widow tried to run the operation, but sold Rancho Buena Vista to Colonel Eugene Walters in March, 1959. The Colonel kept Van Wormer as manager and later hired Ted Bonney, whose fishing interest and mechanical mind helped create the largest fishing fleet in the area.

Colonel Eugene Walters turned the rancho over to his son, Charles "Chuck" Milton Walters. Both Gene and his son have passed away, with Chuck buried next to Tansey on the hill above the Rancho Buena Vista. The hotel is now owned and managed jointly by Colonel Walters' grandson, Mike Walters (Chuck's son), and Eduardo Hermosillo, a member of the Hector Hermosillo Jr. family, which had acquired an ownership interest.

During its long tenure as the oldest fishing resort in the state of Baja California Sur, the Rancho Buena Vista has attracted worldwide sportsmen, from actors such as Chuck Connors to statesmen (President Dwight Eisenhower was a guest). As the original fishing resort on the East Cape, it has become one of Bahia's legends.

- **FROM ROBERT O. BUCK, DAL, RET. (Son of our own Capt. Bob Buck)**

...it is an honor and a pleasure holding a 'subscriber' membership with TARPA. Your amazing magazine, *TARPA TOPICS* contains a fascinating source of superb 'topics' that are not only interesting, but well researched history and in my case recall to events and memories that I closely followed as a devoted TWA dependent. Of course, too, the GREAT TWA people—an important link and bond to so many names I've known of for literally decades! Many thanks and best to all as we head into 2010.

- **FROM BOB LINDSEY**

I was very happy to read about Joe Grant in the latest 'Grapevine'. We had fun visiting with Joe during our 1993 cruise on the *Sovereign Of The Seas* with TARPA. Maybe we can attend the convention next year in Arizona. We lived in the L.A. area for close to forty five years. Now we are enjoying Florida and have had a home here for eleven years. My wife, Dorice, was born and raised in Paris so we usually go to Europe once or twice a year; having just returned from Rome on the Holand American Line *Volendam*. Thanks so much for all the effort our officers and volunteers have put into our TARPA and it's publication.

- **FROM DICK BECKNER**

Great job on *TOPICS* !! A lot of history, lists, rosters and facts...all in one. Can't put it down. Super job by all. Thanks a lot.

- **FROM DON COOK**

...Our ranks are thinning, but those left seem to have high morale. I've been to a lot of 70th birthday parties this year and only one funeral. My doctor and I both believe that of all our senses, we hope the sense of humor is the last to go; we'll need it right up to the end. Life and retirement are good and I'm enjoying both. Keep smiling and keep up the good work with TARPA and the magazine.



- **THE NUMBER 2 “SEVEN FOUR”, N747PA, *CLIPPER JUAN TRIPPE***



This is the second Boeing 747-100 off the production line (the first is properly cared for and on display at Seattle’s Museum of Flight). N747PA was delivered to Pan Am (“Brand X”, to TWAers) in 1970 and was named for it’s founder and CEO who was instrumental in interesting Boeing in the development of the 747. Pan Am was the launch customer.

Now N747PA is a wasting, abandoned hulk, stripped of its aviation innards after a brief career as an ailing restaurant in South Korea. For many photos, both exterior and interior go to: www.darkroastedblend.com/ and click on “Abandoned Places” at left of the page. The exact page is: <http://www.darkroastedblend.com/2009/04/abandoned-boeing-747-restaurant.html>

- **ANOTHER AIRPLANE RESTAURANT/LOUNGE**

This Connie can still be seen at Greenwood Lake Airport (4N1) at West Milford, NJ. It was Air France’s first Connie, FBZA, delivered in 1946. It was sold to TWA in 1950 and registered N9412H, *Star of the Azores*. It had several owners after TWA and was purchased and flown to Greenwood Lake in 1977. Around 1990 it was in pretty sad shape. It needed paint badly and it was evident that a lot of damage was done when installing electricity and plumbing. At the time, it was being used as a storage shed. It was interesting to note, however, that it had not been stripped; all accessories, pumps, electrical equipment and instruments, etc. were in place. According to the airport website, it was recently refurbished, see picture. >

For complete details of this plane’s history, more pictures and a cool video of it landing on the 2700’ (since lengthened to 3700’) X 60’ runway, then navigating the narrow taxiways with snow plow windrows on either side, go to the airport’s website at: <http://www.greenwoodlakeairport.com/> - JJH





THE AVIATOR'S WORLD

You see them at air base terminals around the world. You see them in the morning early, often at night.

They come in Nomex flight suits and hatted, wings over their left pocket; they show up looking ready to fly.

There's a brisk, young-old look of efficiency about them. They arrive fresh from home, from hotels, carrying hang-up bags, battered book bags; bulging with a wealth of technical information, data, and manuals filled with regulations and rules.

They know the new, harsh sheen of Charleston's runway. They know the cluttered approaches to McGuire; they know the tricky shuttle that is Travis; they know it but do not relish the intricate instrument approaches to various foreign airports; they know the volcanoes near Sigonella.

They respect foggy Travis. They know the up-and-down walk to the gates at Dallas, the Texas sparseness of Abilene, the very narrow Berlin Corridor, New Orleans' sparkling terminal, the milling crowds at Washington. They know Butte, Boston, and Beirut. They appreciate Miami's perfect weather; they recognize the danger of an ice-slick runway at JFK.

They understand short runways, antiquated fire equipment, inadequate approach lighting, but there is one thing they will never comprehend: Complacency.

They marvel at the exquisite good taste of hot coffee in Anchorage and a cold beer in Guam. They vaguely remember the workhorse efficiency of the DC-3s, the reliability of the DC-4s and DC-6s, the trouble with the DC-7 and the propellers on Boeing 377s. They have fond memories of the Bell 47, the Hiller and the Pisacki. They know the danger of the overloaded Huey, the bounce and hope take-offs of the Charlie model Hog and the sense of satisfaction of the Chinook delivering ten tons of ammo to a firebase under attack near Cambodia. They discuss the cramped beauty of an old gal named Connie. They recognize the high shrill whine of a Viscount, the rumbling thrust of a DC-8 or 707 on a clear takeoff from Haneda, and a Convair. The remoteness of the 747 cockpit. The roominess of the DC-10 and the snug fit of a 737. They speak a language unknown to Webster.

They discuss ALPA, EPRs, fans, mach and bogie swivels. And, strangely, such things as bugs, thumpers, crickets, and CATs, but they are inclined to change the subject when the uninitiated approaches.



They have tasted the characteristic loneliness of the sky, and occasionally the adrenaline of danger. They respect the unseen thing called turbulence; they know what it means to fight for self-control, to discipline one's senses.

They buy life insurance, but make no concession to the possibility of complete disaster, for they have uncommon faith in themselves and what they are doing.

They concede the glamour is gone from flying. They deny a pilot is through at sixty. They know tomorrow, or the following night, something will come along they have never met before; they know flying requires perseverance and vigilance. They know they must practice, lest they retrograde.

They realize why some wit once quipped: "Flying is year after year of monotony punctuated by seconds of stark terror." As a group, they defy mortality tables, yet approach semi-annual physical examinations with trepidation. They are individualistic, yet bonded together. They are family people. They are reputedly overpaid, yet entrusted with equipment worth millions. And entrusted with lives, countless lives.

At times they are reverent: They have watched the Pacific sky turn purple at dusk and the stark beauty of sunrise over Iceland at the end of a polar crossing. They know the twinkling, jeweled beauty of Los Angeles at night; they have seen snow capped Rockies.

They remember the vast unending mat of green Amazon jungle, the twisting Silver road that is the father of waters, an ice cream cone called Fujiyama; the hump of Africa. Who can forget Everest from 100 miles away, or the ice fog in Fairbanks in January?

They have watched a satellite streak across a starry sky, seen the clear, deep blue of the stratosphere, felt the incalculable force of the heavens. They have marveled at sun-streaked evenings, dappled earth, velvet night, spun silver clouds, sculptured cumulus: God's weather. They have seen the Northern Lights, a wilderness of sky, a pilot's halo, a bomber's moon, horizontal rain, Contrails and watched St Elmo's fire dance on the windows.

**Only an aviator experiences all these. It is their world
And once was mine.**

[From the internet, author unknown – Ed.]



• FROM BOB ALLARDYCE ON AL KIBURIS

Seeing a photo of the late Al Kiburis's smiling face in Jim Majer's article in November's "TARPA TOPICS," "Black September, 1970," brought a flood of memories. As a loner living in Paris in the early 70's, I was a frequent guest at Al and Pascal's apartment. We often met at various restaurants, which leads me to the following event:



Al Kiburis
At PFLP HQ in Amman, Jordan
September 13, 1970

After getting off the Paris Metro, I was hurrying down a boulevard to keep a dinner date with Al and Pascal. I could see, up ahead, a small crowd gathered around a policeman and three individuals. There was a lot of shouting. As I got there, I saw a little old man in a battered oversized overcoat crying and trying to hug Al. It was a very weird scene. The policeman was trying to mediate whatever it was that had happened. I got the story over the dinner table.

Al, as those of us who knew him recall, owned a second hand Porsche 911. It was his baby. Al, in parking at the restaurant, pulled up onto the sidewalk, as many Parisians did. Al and Pascal had gotten out of the Porsche when this be-draggled old man ran up to them shouting at Al and Pascal in French, "You filthy Boshes!," and at Pascal, "You whore!" The man climbed up onto the hood of Al's beloved Porsche and jumped up and down, still screaming insults.

Al, being blond and blue eyed, could easily be mistaken for a product of Hitler's Aryan race. Clearly, the old guy believed Al was one of the hated Germans that had occupied his beloved France and Pascal a tart who had given herself over to the despised invaders.

A policeman quickly arrived and got the man off the Porsche's hood. Pascal, to whom French was her native tongue, told the cop what had happened. The policeman informed the old fellow that Al wasn't German, he was American. He had made a terrible mistake. When he realized his blunder, that he had attacked what he considered to be one of France's liberators, a genuine war hero, he went all to pieces. He began to cry and wanted to hug Al. Al wasn't very receptive. The old fellow had insulted Pascal and the hood of his cherished Porsche was badly dented. That was the scene when I walked up.

The policeman learned the old guy had a couple of hundred Francs in a checking account and made him write Al a check for half of what he had and then let him go. Over the dinner table, Al tore the check up. I assume he had insurance, but I was never sure. Nevertheless, that's the kind of guy Al was and I loved him like a brother.

This story, in the years that followed, was told and retold; always with some good laughs.

• FROM JOHN POWER, SHANWICK RADIO

Sadly, I've just heard from Noel Deasy that John Joe McInerney has passed away and was buried today. You'll remember him from the [July, P. 46 *TARPA TOPICS* - *Star of Cairo* articles]. Noel, Fin [Fielding] and I had formed a great liking for this man. May he rest in peace.



• INTERESTING FACT FROM GAMA

"...the USA has 231,000 privately owned airplanes—more than twice as many as every other country in the world combined." And, according to the FAA, there are 14,000 airports, 5,000 of which have one or more paved runways.



- THE AIRBUS A-380 AT AIRVENTURE (OSH) 2009



The warning placard (left, detail) on the engine nacelle warns to keep aft of the red line when the engine is running. The Message reads:

WARNING

KEEP OUT OF
HAZARD AREA

WHEN YOU CONNECT THE
INTERPHONE JACK STAY
BEHIND THE RED LINE



Pictured together (below) are one of the biggest and one of the smallest airplanes ever built; both in France. The little guy is a plan built “Cri-cri, short for “cricket” (Fr.). “Designed in the early 1970s by French aeronautical engineer Michel Colomban, the Cri-cri aircraft is the world's smallest twin-engine aircraft. At only 4.9 m (16.1 ft) wingspan and 3.9 m (12.8 ft) length, it is a single-seater....”- Wikipedia

See one fly at:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vfIkuPau9IU>

There is one in France equipped with AMT jet turbines!

The walk through was interesting because, being one of the test aircraft, an interior has not yet been installed and one can see EVERYTHING! The upper and middle decks seemed to be nearly the same size. The large canisters are filled with or emptied of water to simulate different gross weights and centers of gravity.

The A-380 shared Aeroshell Square with a



couple other big (and odd) birds; the Erickson Airplane at it's 11 O'clock and the WhiteKnight Two at it's 2 O'clock.



- FROM FRANK SCAHILL VIA EMAIL

This *TARPA TOPICS* issue [Nov. 2009] is fantastic, and I just wanted to thank you and everyone who had a hand (or pen) in putting it together.

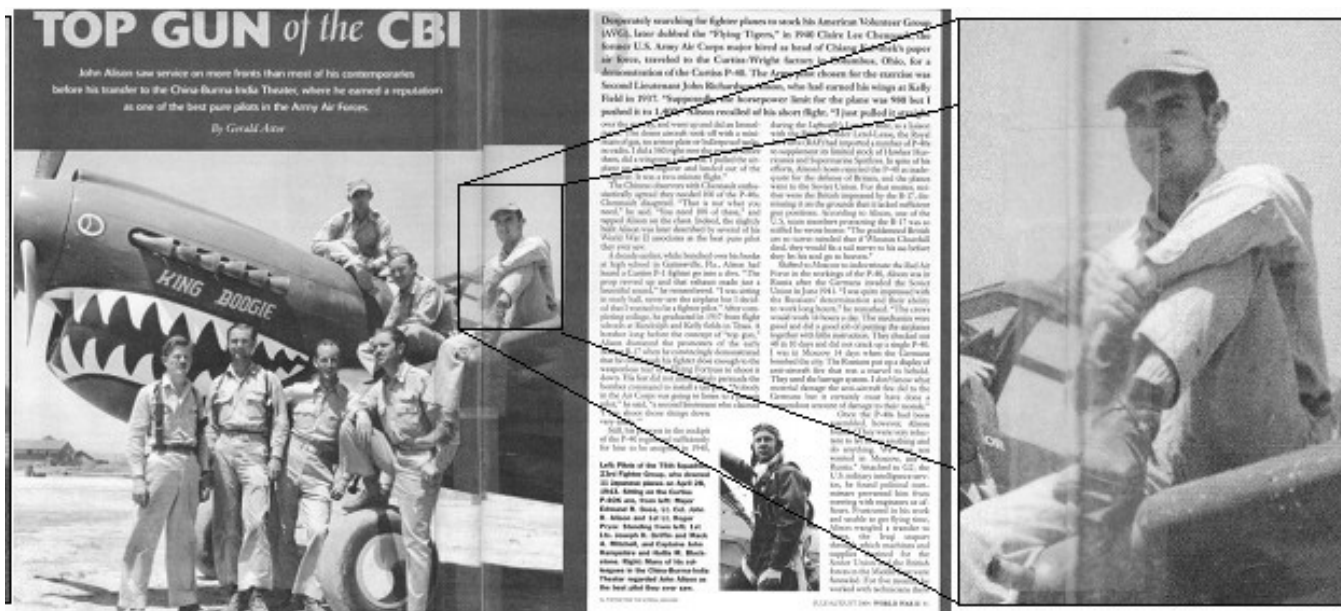
Don't know if I ever mentioned it to you, but I have a 9 1/2 years younger half brother, who is an AAL STL Captain (via OZ / TWA), and who turned 60 on last Dec. 12. Thanks to Bush signing the Age 65 Immediate Implementation Directive (to the FAA) Bill -- that forced the FAA to raise the Age in December, instead of their planned 3 year drag-out -- Fred had the choice to stay on and, of course, he chose to keep flying.

He says the ONLY thing better about AAL than TWA, was that when his pay switched over to the AAL scale after the merger, it went up by half again what it had been with TWA.

- FROM JOHN SCARBOROUGH REGARDING CAPT. ROGER PRYOR

I was thumbing through an old magazine in a doctor's office when I came across the enclosed article and photos.

I'm wondering if the Roger Pryor on the wing is the same guy [as TWA Captain Roger Pryor]. I never had the pleasure so am unsure what he looked like.



The photo caption reads: "Left: Pilots of the 75th Squadron, 23rd Fighter Group, who downed 11 Japanese planes on April 28, 1943. Sitting on the Curtis P-40K are, from left: Major Edmund R. Goss, Lt. Col. John R. Alison and 1st Lt. Roger Pryor. Standing from left: 1st Lts. Joseph H. Griffin and Mack A Mitchell, and Captains John Hampshire and Hollis M. Blackstone...." Photos from the National archives, pages from *WORLD WAR II*, July/August 2004.

[According to Bob Sherman, who maintains the TWA flight deck crew member master seniority list, there is only one Pryor listed: "Pryor, Walter R"; b. 7/1/1913; d. 3/6/1976 at age 62; Hired 3/15/1940 Retired 7/1/1973. There were several former military pilots who were recalled to active duty during WWII which could have placed him in the South Pacific in 1943? Bob explains further, that there are a few TWA flight deck crew members not on the list for reasons having to do with whether or not TWA had, or had ever had, a pension liability for the individual. Can anyone help us out on this? - Ed.]



- FROM DICK SIANO



Leather flying helmet and goggles, at the gate in STL, 1996

...I had already donned the hat and goggles on a trip from OKC to STL in 1985, on a 727 trip, when an ACM came to the cockpit who turned out to be a furloughed TWA F/E, who was working for the FAA as an air carrier inspector, to give us a line check on the way to STL. Since I already had [them] on I decided to leave [them] in place for the flight. On the climb out of OKC, I saw in the rear view mirror I installed above me, that the Inspector had his head down doing paper work while climbing through 6,000 feet. I had earlier briefed him specifically to help us by providing an additional traffic watch during the climb to cruise altitude. This was

a standard procedure for me to ask all ACM's in my cockpit to help. When I saw he was not looking outside, I asked him to put the paper work aside until we reached cruise altitude which he did.

My crew and I then provided for him to observe a totally standard flight in VMC conditions to STL. He left the aircraft without saying anything at all and I forgot about the experience. A couple of trips later, I went to my crew mail box in JFK to discover a note from ... the Chief Pilot asking me to drop in to his office to discuss the Line Check. Apparently the Air Carrier Inspector contacted [him] verbally to complain about my wearing a leather helmet, goggles and a silk scarf and [he] asked me for an explanation. I told him that I only wore it occasionally in an effort to create a sense of "esprit de corps" with my crew. No crew member during the years I wore it ever made a negative comment to me about it.

In addition, I reminded [him] that we had delivered a totally standard procedure flight [for] the inspector to observe. We had operated the flight to the highest standards being especially diligent to monitor the outside for possible mid air conflicts, observing the highest professional standards as far as check lists, crew coordination and no unnecessary conversation during taxi and climb until above 10,000 feet. The same was true for the descent and landing and taxi to the gate in STL.

Well, [I was] ordered to never wear the leather helmet, goggles and silk scarf again. He said it was "unprofessional". I replied "No one ever wore it more professionally than I did." The tone while I was doing the rug dance ... was one in which I replied to his questions quietly and respectfully with no hint of arrogance. I told [him] what he wanted to hear, that I would not wear it while on duty, but I had my fingers crossed when I agreed to not wear them....

Anyhow, on my very last trip as a TWA captain, SNN to JFK in Feb. 1998, I not only canceled my IFR 40 miles out from JFK and landed smoothly on 31L in the middle of the touch down zone and parked the brakes 30 minutes [ahead of] schedule, I was wearing my leather helmet and goggles and silk scarf.

I really miss my job as a TWA Captain, and especially the crews I flew with...



- **FROM MIKE MCFARLAND—INSTRUCTOR/CHECK AIRMAN REUNION**

The eighth annual TWA check airman reunion was October 3rd and 4th. Once again, it was a great event, about 64 people were in attendance and we all had a wonderful time. Many of us were from out of town and I, for one, had not seen many of the attendee's since I retired six years ago. Catching up on old times was very enjoyable.

We all have many different venues to stay in touch. Tuesday morning breakfasts, the once a month get-togethers or every other month lunches, the Christmas parties, Old Reinbeck gatherings. Each and every one of these gatherings are very special and keep our group aware of our wonderful past. We have so much to be thankful for.

I encourage anyone who has been an instructor or check airman at any time in the past to attend the annual event in STL. There was an open bar on Saturday to kick off the event followed by a wonderful dinner. Included was the now annual awarding of the "Grant Nelson" Life Time Achievement Award. Captain Jim Hammonds was presented with the award. Jim was a well respected line check airman, standards pilot, and lead line instructor on the DC-9 and B-757/767 both international and domestic. Also, congratulations are in order for Captains Doug Elmore and Dave McLaren as they were nominated for this year's award. Each is well known for their professional abilities as pilots and check airman.

On Sunday, we played golf. Jim Georgen and his partner Paul Marchioni (from TWA planning) won the tournament by their 'chinney chin chin' beating Terry Stacey and myself by the slimmest of margins. We'll get you next year!

Many thanks to Tom Tillett, Ron Biller, Jim Georgen and Hugh Schoelzel for setting up this wonderful event.

- **FROM PAT DOWNING**

I am happy to enclose dues payment as I really enjoy knowing that someone still cares about TWA. On that note, I think a big acknowledgment is due Ona Gieschen for her dedication and countless hours of work on the *Skyliner* project. It will be invaluable in the future.

- **FROM JANICE SIBBALD (MRS. DAVID M.)**

Michael is now residing in a nursing home. He is 'flying' all the time—taking care of his crew and very busy. He has dementia. I hope he can continue to 'fly'—he always said he couldn't believe that he was getting paid to do something he would have gladly paid someone to let him do. I do take *TARPA TOPICS* to him and read it to him.

- **FROM LARRY WELTON**

Thanks for all the good work the B.O.D. does for TARPA. I really enjoy the magazine. It seems like it is the only link we have with TWA. Best of luck.

- **FROM HOWARD FRISCHE**

Thank you for the member rosters and the deceased rosters. They are greatly appreciated.

- **FROM MARY (LIENHART) WAHL**

Thank you and the others who publish *TARPA TOPICS*. My husband [Pete] was flight training manager for North Central Airlines. He says our TARPA magazine is the best.



- **FROM HUGH SCHOELZEL—TWA DAY AT OLD RHINEBECK**



Mark your calendars for **September 25, 2010**. This will be held at old Rhinebeck Aerodrome in NY.

The TWA event coordinator is Capt. Jim McElroy. For questions, or to lend him a hand, contact him at home 787-791-0982, on his cell 516-574-9331, or via his e-mail Jim at: McElroy@attglobal.net

This event is open to all TWA/AAL employee groups and enthusiasts. Since it is put on entirely by volunteers, you are encouraged to offer your skills to Capt. Jim McElroy, the event coordinator. Be sure to wear your TWA gear, which will get you the group admission rate to the aerodrome. If this is your first visit, most people start arriving at 10:00 and sign up for a biplane ride, tour the museum, and socialize with friends. There is an airshow from 2:00-4:00, with reunion events following.

The rain date will be Sunday, September 26th. If you are in doubt about the weather, call Old Rhinebeck Aerodrome at 845-752-3200.

- **AIRMAN CERTIFICATES**

If you are still exercising the privileges of any of your FAA Airman Certificates and it is printed on paper, it's going to expire on March 31, 2010 unless you replace it with a new plastic certificate. To get the new counterfeit-resistant certificates, you have to fill out a form and mail it to the FAA in Oklahoma City along with \$2 for each certificate you want to replace, or you can do it online at www.faa.gov. Either way, the new certificate won't list your original date of issue, so you might want to keep that old dog-eared piece of paper to prove your longevity. If you apply by mail, it's going to take four to six weeks, and up to 10 days for online processing, so don't put it off till the last minute or you could find yourself grounded. Some non-pilot certificates, such as those for flight engineers and mechanics, are good for another three years but then they will also have to be replaced.

- **75th ANNIVERSARY GATHERING OF DC-3s AT AIRVENTURE 2010—From EAA**

EAA is hoping that its celebration of the 75th anniversary of the Douglas DC-3 will gather at Oshkosh the largest group of gooney birds (possibly more than 25) seen in more than 60 years. The aircraft will be on display, flying in formation and the subject of various technical and historical presentations. The 2010 AirVenture Oshkosh event at Wittman Regional Airport in Oshkosh will be held July 26 through August 1 and the DC-3 will serve as the event's centerpiece, EAA said Friday. While more than 14,000 examples were built, serving both in war and peace, fewer than 100 of the aircraft are airworthy today, according to EAA. Beyond paying tribute to the aircraft, EAA says it will also mark this "final major reunion" by gathering "scores of pilots, flight attendants, mechanics, crew chiefs and passengers that flew, operated and traveled in these aircraft." EAA president Tom Poberezny is "looking forward to welcoming these iconic aviation legends" to America's largest general aviation gathering.

Poberezny saluted the aircraft, saying it "helped make air travel popular and profitable in the 1930s and 1940s, the fact that it is still used around the world today is a testament to the aircraft's design." EAA is contacting all the DC-3 owners and operators it can find and asking them to bring their airplanes to the big show.



TARPA BOARD OF DIRECTORS

SEPTEMBER 24, 2009 MEETING MINUTES

Hilton Homewood Suites conference call.

Present: President Guy Fortier; First Vice President Bill Kirschner; Past President Charlie Wilder; and Convention Organizer Vicky McGowen.

By telephone: Secretary/Treasurer Ed Madigan; Senior Director Bob Sherman; *TOPICS* Editor Jeff Hill; Hospitality Director Bob Dedman; John Gratz's proxy, held by Guy Fortier.

1000 President Fortier: The conference call established by Sec./Treas. Madigan was called to order promptly at 1000 EDT by President Fortier. It was determined that all BOD members and directors were connected with the exception of Editor Emeritus, John Gratz, absent due to illness. A Quorum was noted.

Approval of minutes from the BOD conference call of April 2009 was requested. Captain Wilder made a motion to accept them as written and seconded by Captain Kirschner. Motion Passed.

He then reported on the current status of the 2010 convention in Scottsdale, AZ at the Cottonwood Resort. The rate is \$94 per night and the dates for this great event are September 6 through 9.

1005 First Vice President Bill Kirschner, reported on the status of the TARPA web site. The new webmaster is retired TWA International Flight Dispatcher, Marc Brecy. Marc is the Web Master for the TWA Seniors Club web site. He does an excellent job for them and will do the same for TARPA.

He [Kirschner] mentioned that, due to the attrition rate among TARPA members, consideration be given to amalgamating our organization with another such as the TWA Seniors or the AA Grey Eagles at a future date.

1009 Second Vice President Dusty West, reiterated the need for all present TARPA members to contact their TWA pilot friends for possible membership. He stated that he favored aligning ourselves with the AAL Grey Eagles, since they are all pilots and therefore we would have more in common. (Kirschner added that he brought up the subject when he attended the Grey Eagle's convention in Orlando last year; they said that they would love to have us and we could still have our own separate identity.

1011 Sec./Treas. Ed Madigan, stated that we have approximately \$60,000 in the bank in various CD's some at 4.4%. TARPA made \$3,800 with the CD investments held at CACU so far this year.

Ed anticipates \$14,000 in expenses for TOPICS plus other expenses with regards to the 2010 convention. Dues for 2010 should start to come in before long, leaving us with a strong balance at the end of this year. He stated that approx. 200 members did not renew their membership for 2009. We will do another mailing in an attempt to contact former members.

Ed then reported that we saved approximately \$6,500 by using a SKYPE telephone conference call for our TARPA BOD meeting in April which cost \$7.46 (Impressive).

1014 Senior Director Bob Sherman, reported that he would not be able to attend the Cruise Convention due the ill health of his wife, Alice. This will be the first convention he has missed in 26 years.

He mentioned that there are 84 TWA pilots who have flown west as of October 1st.

1015 TOPICS editor Jeff Hill, said that the November issue is ready to mail.

He suggested that the TARPA bylaw regarding the membership directory be changed to read: "(REV 2009) The TARPA directory shall be made available to members on the TARPA web site, via email or printed copy if so requested."

He mentioned article IV, Sec. 5 calls for the Sec./Treas. to provide an annual Association budget for the board [of] directors, and would like to see this done and suggested that a small committee of directors work with Ed to submit a proposed 2010 budget to the board for it's approval.

Article IV, Sec. 7 calls for appointment of a historian. Jeff would like to know if anyone presently holds this position.

Jeff wants to develop a policy for Internet posting of the *TOPICS* archives and handling of the "electronic edition" that will be available beginning with the November issue. We should not post issues less than five years old so as to not compromise the print edition. The electronic edition should be offered to foreign subscribers to eliminate high postage. Also, secure the PDF to NOT ALLOW editing but DO allow printing.

He stated we have a declining membership and agrees with Dusty that we should try to encourage eligible pilots to join. For one time only (for the purpose of attracting new members) the November edition of *TOPICS* will be posted electronically on the TARPA web site for review by non-members. We will email it to the membership and ask that they forward it to their friends that are not TARPA members. They will be able to check membership status by referring to the TARPA members/ subscribers roster beginning on page 61 of the November issue. The membership application on the last page (83) and can be printed, filled in and sent to Sec./Tres. Madigan.

1021 During the BOD conference call, the hotel management requested that the meeting be moved to another location because of other hotel requirements.

1036 Connection re-established.

1037 Past President Charlie Wilder, will address the BOD and membership regarding the Flight 800 memorial during the annual business meeting on the cruise.

1039 Hospitality Director Bob Dedman, stated that he was really looking forward to seeing all of us in Scottsdale for our 2010 convention. He wished TARPA well on the up coming cruise and was sorry he could not make it.

1041 Convention Organizer Vicky McGowen's update on the 2010 convention in Scottsdale will be presented at the business meeting during the cruise.

1043 A motion to adjourn was made by Captain Wilder, seconded by Captain Dedman and was passed unanimously."

NOTE: The cost of the above SKYPE teleconference call was a 'whopping' \$4.17!



TARPA BUSINESS MEETING MINUTES

September 30, 2009
Aboard The Grandeur Of The Seas

Officers and Directors Present: President Guy Fortier; First Vice President Bill Kirschner; Past President Charlie Wilder.

Officers and Directors Absent: Secretary/Treasurer Ed Madigan; Senior Director Bob Sherman; *TOPICS* Editor Jeff Hill, Sr.; Editor Emeritus John Gratz; Hospitality Director Bob Dedman.

0934 CALL TO ORDER: The General Business [meeting] was called to order by President Guy Fortier and a Quorum was noted. Guy held proxies for Gratz, Dedman, West and Madigan. Wilder held a proxy for Hill.

0936 PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

0938 FLOWN WEST LIST: The list was read by Bill Kirschner for Bob Sherman. There were 84 names since last year and a moment of silence was observed as we all lamented their passing. In honor of those flown west, Bill whistled TAPS.

0949 APPROVAL OF MINUTES: President Fortier requested the approval of the minutes from the Oct. 02, 2008 general business meeting, which was held at the Gaylord Hotel in Nashville, TN. Joe Hitzel made a motion to accept them as written and was seconded by Carl Jacobs. Motion Passed

0955 PRESIDENT'S REPORT: President Fortier mentioned the 2010 convention in Scottsdale, AZ which will be held at the Cottonwood Resort. The dates are September 6 through 9 and the room rate is \$94 per night. This reflects a \$35 a day savings and includes a fully cooked breakfast. The hotel will also provide round trip airport transportation, a savings of \$80 per couple. Vicki will bring us up to date in her report.

1001 FIRST VICE PRESIDENT'S REPORT: Bill Kirschner reported that the new Web Master will be retired TWA International Flight Dispatch Officer, Marc Brecy. Marc is the Web Master for the TWA Seniors Club web site. He does an excellent job for them and he will for TARPA, also.

Bill mentioned, that due to the attrition rate among TARPA members, consideration be given to amalgamating our organization with another such as the TWA Seniors or the AAL Grey Eagles at some future date.

1008 SECOND VICE PRESIDENT'S REPORT was given by Charlie Wilder for Dusty West.

Dusty reiterated the need for all present TARPA members to contact their TWA pilot friends and encourage them to consider joining TARPA. He favors considering aligning ourselves with AAL Grey Eagles, since they are all pilots and we would have more in common with them. With regard to this matter, Bill Kirschner mentioned that the Grey Eagles President receives three copies of *TOPICS* during his tenure and said the Grey Eagles highly regarded this magazine as the best retirement publication overall.

1014 SECRETARY/TREASURER'S REPORT was given by Guy Fortier for Ed Madigan.

We currently have five TARPA CD's. There are two in the Community America CU and three in the Nevada Security Bank, earning approximately 4.4% interest. Guy stated that the CDs in the CACU generated \$3,800 thru March of this year.

He told the membership how cost effective it was using a SKYPE conference call for the spring BOD meeting (\$7.46 for 40 minutes as opposed to approximately \$6,500 for a face-to-face meeting). Ed reported to Guy that we have approximately \$60,878 in the bank and anticipated the expenses for *TOPICS* to be \$14,000 and additional 2010 convention expenses. The dues for 2010 will ultimately leave us with a strong balance at the end of this year. Guy brought up the subject of a TARPA budget as stated in the by-laws. The reason there is not a published budget, is because the income and expenses generated from the conventions are very fluid up to the last minute. There is a cash flow statement published in each addition of "TOPICS" to keep everyone updated on our financial position. Additionally, Vickie prepares three different budget scenarios for each convention.

As per Ed, Guy stated that approximately two hundred members were unpaid for 2009. A post card mailing will be done once again to contact former members.

1022 SENIOR DIRECTOR'S REPORT was given by Bill Kirschner for Bob Sherman. The Shermans were unable to attend the Cruise Convention due to Alice's ill health. This is the first convention (out of the total of twenty six) that they have missed). -

1032 TOPICS EDITOR'S REPORT was given by Charlie Wilder for Jeff Hill.

Jeff suggested that the TARPA bylaw regarding the membership directory be changed to read: "(REV 2009) The TARPA Directory shall be made available to members on the TARPA web site, via email or printed copy if so requested". Passed

Jeff mentioned article IV, Sec. 5 calls for the Sec/Treas. to provide an annual Association budget for the board directors and would like to see this done and suggested that a small committee of directors work with Ed to submit a proposed 2010 budget to the board for it's approval. Tabled.

Article IV, Sec. 7 calls for an appointment of a historian. Jeff would like to know if we have anyone with that status. Pending.

Jeff wants to develop a policy for internet posting of the Topics archives and handling of the "electronic edition" that will be available beginning with the November issue. This policy would not post issues less than five years old so as to not compromise the print edition. Also secure the PDF to NOT ALLOW editing but DO allow the printing of pages.

After the November Topics we plan to post the electronic edition on the TARPA web site just this one time. We will email it to the membership and ask that they forward it to their friends who are not TARPA members. You will be able to check membership status by referring to the TARPA roster beginning on page 61. The membership application on the last page (83) can be printed out, filled in and sent to the Sec. /Treas.

1040 HOSPITALITY DIRECTOR'S REPORT was given by President Fortier for Bob Dedman. He touched on some of the advantages and benefits of holding the convention in Scottsdale over Labor Day weekend and that Vicki would update the membership during her report. He stated the hospitality suite and outdoor areas at the Cottonwood Resort were outstanding and will suit our purposes very well.

1043 PAST PRESIDENTS REPORT: Charlie Wilder talked about the current status of the TWA Flight 800 Memorial and that Suffolk County, Long Island, NY is now supporting some maintenance so anyone wanting to donate to the memorial fund may do so through him.

1045 EDITOR EMERITUS' REPORT: was given by Bill Kirschner for John Gratz.

Bill stated that Captain Gratz was unable to attend due to a knee replacement and wished us all a good time and safe cruise and would see us in Scottsdale next year.

1047 2010 CONVENTION ORGANIZER'S REPORT: Vicky McGowen discussed how great the facilities are and that there were all kinds of things to do in and around Scottsdale and also at the convention hotel. There are a few shopping centers within walking distance plus some great restaurants. Tours will include a visit to various museums which will include: the Heard, the Native American and the Falcon Field CAF Aviation museum. There also will be scheduled an evening bus to Pinnacle Peak for dinner. She mentioned that there will be a hosted cocktail hour every evening hosted by the Hotel and that was well received by the membership. More detailed information will be on the *TARPA.COM* web site and the next issues of *TOPICS*.

Carl Schmidt suggested a river cruise on the Colombia River out of Portland Oregon. Vicki had checked into it and found that it was very cost prohibitive, due to the small ship size. The Mississippi cruise appears to be a better choice and she will check into it.

President Fortier suggested that he would accept any and all suggestions for future TARPA conventions: Perhaps a Bermuda cruise for 2011 out of New York or Florida and other venues in the Eastern Caribbean.

1111 NEW BUSINESS: Election of Officers.

Carl Jacobs asked if there were any nominations from the floor. None were noted and nominations [were] closed. He then read the list of candidates: Captains Guy Fortier for President, Bill Kirschner, First VP, Dusty West, Second VP, Ed Madigan, Secretary/Treasurer, Senior Director, Bob Sherman, TARPA *TOPICS* editor, Jeff Hill, Sr., Hospitality Director, Bob Dedman, Past President, Charlie Wilder and Editor Emeritus, John Gratz. The slate was voted on and all nine were re-elected by a unanimous vote

1119 MEMBERS COMMENTS: President Fortier asked that anyone with any comments to please stand and be recognized.

Tom Smith made a motion to align TARPA with the American Grey Eagle's conventions due to the decrease in TARA membership and a discussion followed. Guy tabled the motion until a study and more information could be obtained.

1125 MOTION FOR ADJOURNMENT: Frank Munro made a motion for adjournment and was seconded by Carl Schmidt. Motion passed unanimously.

Respectively submitted by Captain Bill Kirschner, TARPA First VP. Oct. 25, 2009



**BOS Rwy 4-R taken by Guy Fortier aboard *The Grandeur Of The Seas*.
Remember the higher ILS minimums, "when ships reported in the Harbour"?**



FFA IMPROVED
FEB 3 1964

NORMAL **TOPICS** CHECK LIST
AFTER READING

1. RESUME NORMAL BREATHING
2. SEND ONE OR MORE OF THE FOLLOWING TO THE GRAPEVINE ED.:
 - ANY AVIATION RELATED ITEMS YOU COME ACROSS (ESP. AIRLINE, ESP. TWA) – INCLUDING PHOTOS & GRAPHICS!
 - ANY INTERESTING WEB SITES YOU COME ACROSS
 - A PARAGRAPH OR TWO ON YOUR BEST TRIP, YOUR WORST TRIP, YOUR FIRST TRIP, YOUR LAST TRIP, YOUR MOST MEMORABLE TRIP, JUST LOOK AT YOUR OLD LOG BOOKS, THEY'LL GIVE YOU IDEAS!
 - ANY NEWS ABOUT OUR OLD BUDDIES.
 - WHAT YOU'RE DOING – HOBBIES, ORGANIZATIONS, ANY THING...
 - RECOLLECTIONS OF UNUSUAL AND INTERESTING CREWMEMBERS.
 - ANYTHING THAT YOU THINK WOULD FIT WELL INTO THE GRAPEVINE.

INCLUDE YOUR WHOLE NAME, NICK NAME, YEARS AT TWA AND WHERE YOU'RE LOCATED – AND IF YOU HAVE AN INTERESTING IDEA FOR AN ARTICLE, BY ALL MEANS, WRITE ONE, OR AT LEAST PASS ON YOUR IDEA.

[illegible]

add as many pp as you like

Topics_Ed@sbcglobal.net – or : Jeff Hill
9610 Hidden Ln
Woodstock, IL 60098

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

All former TWA cockpit crewmembers are eligible for membership in TARPA. Annual dues are \$50.00. EAGLE'S (75 and older) dues are \$40.00.

If you wish to have two addresses listed for Directory and *TOPICS* mailings, please provide months of the year at each location along with the appropriate phone number.

Name _____		Spouse/Guest _____	
Address 1 (From _____ to _____) every year. If not, explain: _____			
Street _____			
City _____		State _____ Zip _____	
Telephone (____) _____		E-Mail _____	

Address 2 (From _____ to _____) _____	
Street _____	
City _____ State _____ Zip _____	
Telephone (____) _____ E-Mail _____	

Capt. ☐ F/O ☐ F/E ☐ Other ☐ _____ Retirement date _____ Mo./Year

Signature _____ Date ____/____/____ Mo Day year

TARPA TOPICS SUBSCRIPTION ONLY

For our friends who do not meet our membership requirements, TARPA offers regular subscriptions to our magazine, *TARPA TOPICS*. Simply fill out the application above, indicate "subscriber", and make your check out for \$40.00.

Make checks payable to TARPA

Return form to: Ed Madigan
TARPA Secretary/Treasurer
P. O. Box 3565
Incline Village, NV 89450

edmadigan@charter.net

rev.11/2009



Plane 4303, October 1979, SHEPHERD I—domestic From the Jon Proctor Collection

